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SATAN CONQUERED,

OR

THE SON OF GOD VICTORIOUS.

A POEM: IN FIVE BOOKS.

BY J. W. GREEN.

Effulgence of my glory, son beloved,
* * * * *
For thee I have ordained it; and thus far
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it.

MILTON.

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PREFACE.

By a perusal of this volume, it will be seen that it does not accord with the prescribed rules of epic composition; and that it has been no part of the author's design to allow himself a wide range of imagination, although that may be esteemed essential to true poetry; but rather to follow the course of divine truth, where all boundaries are marked by the Holy Spirit. His great object has been to present the history of Jesus Christ in conflict with the powers of darkness, in such a form as not only to *amuse*, but *benefit* the inquiring reader; and thereby promote the honor of Christ. If this end should be attained, his highest hopes will be realized. With this view he gives it to the world as it is, with the single remark:—That in his judgment, there is a sublimity in the truth of God, which sets at defiance all criticism not in accordance with its holy dictates.

Clifton Park, N. Y., *January*, 1844.

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SATAN CONQUERED, &c.

BOOK I.

For unto us a child is born.

ISAIAH ix. 6.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

LUKE ii. 11.

And they came with haste; and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

LUKE ii. 16.

BOOK I.

I COURT no fabled muse, whose fancied power,
Could move the fountains of unfathomed mind,
To pour rich streams of poesy and song;
Invoked too oft, invoked instead of God,
By men of christian name! Ye patrons famed,
Of liberal arts! Ye sacred shadows all!
Your aid I ask not; aid I need, must have,
Or can not sing my Saviour's praise, whose praise
To sing, is rich reward for life of toil.
Thy guidance, God of truth, I ask, and ask
In Jesus' name, whose praise, attempted, I
Successfully may roll in numbers sweet
As angels sing, to end of time. Revive
In me the song of sacred mirth and joy,
Of Judah's bards inspired, when harps inscribed
To Israel's God, and swept by men elect,
Touched sympathetic chords in hearts alive
To holy melody and love. Instruct
Thy humble bard, (if so much claimed, be not
Presumptuous deemed, in one whose strains so low;)
The precious from the vile to separate —
The good retain, and mould to beauteous form;
The bad hold up in mean disgusting shape:
That one may be despised, rejected hence;
The other loved, received by all as true
Reflected image of the Deity!

In famed Judea's ancient land, renown'd
For deeds of holy men, who spoke for God;

Where holy prophets sung inspired lays,
A virgin lived. A rural maid, whose days
Had passed thus far, among the vine clad hills
And rural scenes of nature's richest dress,
In peace and silence on, along the course
Of life; as gentle streams in valleys low,
Observed by few, o'erlooked by most, still urge
Their winding, noiseless way to ocean's waves.
Seclusion deep had thrown her curtain dark,
Impenetrable, round her lowly home.
A princess born by lineal tie, in birth
Obscure, and little known among the great—
The sons of wealth and pride. She figured not
At courts, nor dazzled heartless multitudes,
By costly show of princely style; yet He,
Who looks with prescient glance from lofty heights
Of uncreated light—the home of God—
And calls by name the things that are not yet,
Had marked her for his own, when she was not!
In council wise, eternal, he decreed
That nations yet unborn should bless her name,
As woman highly favored of the Lord—*
A mother worthy of his holy Son!
Mistaken zealots thence have blindly taught,
And multitudes as blindly learned to bow
Before the Virgin's shrine, addressing prayer
To one but blest of God—a mortal dead—
To importune for them the living Son!
A sinner she, and sprung from sinful root,
Herself unholy, hence her holiness
Imputed, and derived from attribute
Of Deity. Inherent his, and most

* Luke i. 28.

Essential to his being. Man with sense
Distorted much by sin's perverting power,
Has put for day, the darkness of the night;
Writ over ill, *'tis good*, and good, *'tis ill;*
For doctrine substituted creeds of men,
And taught to worship her who bore the Son!

The high and lofty One of ancient days,*
His glory showed to him who lived in times
Of Israel's kings. High seated on the throne,
He saw the Lord in splendid majesty
And honor crowned! His train, angelic hosts,
Seraphic forms of light, the temple filled!
With holy awe, profound as Ocean's depth,
And faces veiled, they celebrate his praise
In strains exalted as the place they fill.
To him upon the throne they did not speak,
But one to other cried, and holiness
To God whose glory fills the universe,
Repeated thrice! The prophet young, unused
To scenes celestial, habitant of earth,
As other kindred his, those who live not
But in congenial element, was filled
With most distressing fears, and cried,
"I am undone, wo is me, sinful man!"
Pure air of holiness he could not breath,
Till from the throne dispatched, a seraph blest,
With living fire from off the altar high,
His lips had touched. Then quick as thought,
Swift wing'd from pole to pole, his sins were purged,
And visions bright of future bliss infused
Into his soul, as pure incitements given
To works prophetic, and commissioned grace!

* Isaiah vi. 1—9.

Now strong impelled, the joyful prophet went
To those rebellious, violent, and fierce;
Communicating messages of peace,
From God to man. The greatest burden thus:
"The Lord to man a sign shall give: Behold!
A virgin shall conceive and bear a son!
His name, Immanuel — our God with us —
Is called by him who calls the stars by name!"*
In holy vision wrapt, the prophet's soul
Was thence transported down the lapse of time
To brighter days and rapturous scenes of joy.
Enchanted thus he speaks in present time,
As one who witness'd what good Simeon saw,
And glowing lays in lofty notes begins:

"For unto us a child is born, a Son
Is given; and on his shoulders shall be laid
The government of Israel's chosen host!
His name is Counsellor, and Wonderful!
The Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace!
The Mighty God! — Secret profound, divine!
By him a reign of love shall yet commence
On earth with man. Established not by blood
Of warriors spilled, or battles sorely won
By legions armed, advancing to the shock
Of conflict dread — the satiate joy of hell; —
But means employed by wisdom infinite,
Adapted not, to accomplish mighty ends
In reason's choice: Approved of God and blest!
So simple, to confound the wise; so weak,
To overthrow the strong; — the gentle fire
Of purifying grace! This reign begun,
Shall be extended wide o'er earth's domain,

* Isaiah vii. 14.

Nor have an end, but where no tribes of men
Shall dwell! where footsteps human are not traced!
The Kingdom built on justice, judgment, love,
The sceptre held by David's royal Son,
Must stand 'mid changing scenes of earth and time,
As pillars firm of Heaven's eternal dome!"*

Thus sung the ancient seer, and thus believed.
But men of modern name, ignoble too,
Who were not taught of God in school divine,
And little skilled in knowledge of the Lord —
Unborn of him, unchanged in heart — a less
Exalted strain have sung—proud men who love
To drag Jehovah down to man's low grade!
Aspire to him, they can not, but, through Christ,
Him they disdain; and hence the equal Son,
In whom the Godhead dwells, is humbled low
To meet themselves! O! that such men could learn
That God has cursed the man, who trusts in man,
And makes his rebel boast in arm of flesh!
They claim him as a Saviour too, yet make
Him less than Judah's King! The heaven-born names,
And titles high above the reach of man,
As far as heaven from hell, employed to sing
The Saviour's power, their maddened intellects
Bestow to Hezekiah's praise! See here
Theology, absurd, degrading, mean!
Dishonoring God, exalting man above
His humble place, in wise gradation fixed!
And this in spite of revelation's law;
To give that honor to the Son, we give
To God! Such is the Father's just decree.†
Names rev'rend such as Gabriel may not claim,

* Isaiah ix. 9. † John v. 23.

Applied to him who is but man; withheld
From him who must be more! Perversion blind,
And mockery of thought legitimate,
Or free inductive reason's course! The chief
Of hosts angelic, could not thoughts conceive
Like these, in compass wide of largest mind!
Egregious thoughts! and bearing impress dark
Of hellish origin, thence turned to shape
In earthly mould, by imps of human form!
The hosts who bow before the throne, delight
To honor him who sits thereon, as well
To praise the Lamb! Rejoicing much in view
Of grace ineffable, when erring man
Is turned from sin to God! Redemption's work
Is magnified to them; the reason hence
That jewels fresh are added to the crown
Of Christ their King. So harps of gold are tuned
Anew to praise, and swept by holy hands!
Ye sons of God! Inhabitants of heaven!
If eyes celestial, used to medium such
As vision infinite employs, can look
Through twilight shades upon the friends of God
Profess'd, on earth, who pluck from brows divine
The crown imperishable, highest joy
To all your sacred throng — before whose throne,
Ye wear no crowns, but cast them at his feet,
Ascribing majesty to him — O, say,
If blush ye can, does not the crimson flush
Of shame indignant, tinge your hallowed cheecks?

The hurried course of ever rolling time,
In whose revolving sphere the checkered scenes
Of human life are seen, has ushered in
The latter days. Years pregnant with events

Important — way-marks on historic page
To rebel man — have fled and mingled long
With ancient ages gone! Proud empires, strong
Intrenched by policy and art of man,
Have passed as trackless visions' flight! No trace
Of Babylon, glory of kingdoms styled,
The Chaldee's beauty, now is found! And where
The Medo-Persian kings of by-gone fame?
Or Grecian reign of brass? Now Herod sits
On David's throne, yet not by right divine,
By usurpation gained — by Cæsar's power —
Oppressive days of iron rule, to all
The chosen tribes of remnant Israel's host.
They walked not in the way marked out of God,
But turned away: He turned from them, and gave
The kingdom to their foes. For Jacob's sake
Beloved, the God of Jacob will not cast
Them quite away. The sacred promise made
To fathers blest, to all the waiting seed,
Must be performed; else where the truth of God?
The kingdom, in unearthly, glorious form —
The Spirit's reign of bliss — must be restored
To Israel's King! Dark clouds of midnight hour,
With storm surcharged, and dire forebodement fill'd,
At morn's approach, their threatening mien oft change
To brighter view, and seem embodied forms
Aerial, dipp'd in rays of coming light;
So seemed the cloud which long o'er Judah hung,
Now scattered by return of moral dawn!
The eyes unused to light, are blinded soon
By that which eyes accustomed, grateful bear;
So men of Israel shrink to darkness back,
Or twilight dim — their wonted element —
To wait the preparation meet! The son

To be of virgin born, will introduce
A dispensation new; abolish rites
In veneration held; shake principles
And laws of ancient strength, till naught remain,
Established hence, approved of God and loved;
But worship spiritual, humble, meek,
Of pomp devoid and showy trappings stripp'd—
Religion's beauteous, holy form, disrobed
Of earth's deforming garb, in Heaven's own light
And glory then reflected. Former rites
Indeed, much glory claimed, as well they might,
And challenged all of Pagan stamp, because
Of origin divine—ordained of God
Till Christ the promised seed should come. But as
The stars of morning fade before the sun,
In splendor coming forth, so vanish all
The former, when the latter comes! So much
Of revelation's brilliancy at once
Displayed, would but confound, and overwhelm
Where it should strengthen most! Among the throng
Attendant round the throne of God, was one,
As all, in borrowed light and radiance clothed,
But favored much, and chosen oft to do
His will, and go on missions to the earth.
Now Gabriel leaves the ranks elect, and wings
His trackless way through space ethereal,
To man's abode! He comes to those belov'd
Of God and man, who blameless lived, and walk'd
In paths divine. The man, a priest of God,
Appointed to Abia's course, whose lot
Was then to offer incense up to Him
At consecrated hour, in sacred courts,
Whilst multitudes were bowing down without.
Approaching thus the altar of his God,

Behold a form divine, in light arrayed,
And brilliant as the sun at cloudless noon,
In brightest blaze, his entrance waiting stood!
Affixed as marble statues are, so was
The priest affrighted fixed! Advance, or flee,
He neither could; nor yet could speak; with fear
His tongue was paralyzed! To whom the son
Of light discourse began: "Fear not — Thy prayer
Is heard. Thy spouse shall bear a son, of joy
To thee, and many more! A festive day
When he is born! Repentant crowds shall catch
With eager ear, the pleasing strains of truth—
Soft music — from his lip. He shall be great
In sight of Him who estimates aright
Man's greatness; weighs in scales of balance just,
All human claims." The preface such, employed
To calm good Zacharias' fears, in smooth
And gentle numbers flowed, as streams of oil
O'er polished planes may run. His strength restored,
Composure gained, he now can hear from God
The message superhuman. Office kind
And necessary. How can man receive
Such visitants from Heaven, and start not back
With awe? To his dark mind they mirror forth
God's majesty and dread, as rays of light,
In solemn night, by Sol's bright counterfeit,
To earth sent back! Affected thus was he,
Who visions saw at ancient Ulai's banks,
And Hiddekel's broad stream; nor sense, nor strength,
Regained, until the words, "O man beloved,
Fear not!" with angel sweetness were pronounced!*
A reason clear to finite minds, why mind

* Daniel x. 19.

Eternal, infinite, accredits man
To go on holy embassy to man,
From courts celestial! Station honored much,
Exalted most on earth! Diplomacy
Of heaven — to plead instead of Christ, with man!
Compared with this, the envoyship of earth,
As molehills at the base of Alpine heights,
Or distant stars beside the orb of night,
Appears! Engraved on truth's fair page we read,
If prophet's word's despised, persuasive power
Is lost, though herald from departed shades,
Should come, unfolding secrets of the dead!*
Ye favored men! whose office holy, hearts
Engaged, what task is yours! persuading man
To yield allegiance due to God, from whom
Revolted! You by power divine, perform
What God intends: The labor yours, as means
Adapted wise to ends omnipotent;
The glory His, and most befitting so:
Your strength, inadequate to work so vast;
Efficiency alone can come from Him!
Important still, and glorious toil, to work
With God, and He with you! accomplishing
What angels can not do, nor yet may know,
As known by you! What though unknown to those
Who turn in pride away, reject with scorn
The message kind, and mark with stern contempt
Credentials wise — the cross you bear; well known
Are ye to Him who sends ye forth, and those
Beloved of Him! What though despised; in turn
They are despised of Him, and turned away
When most they need, and loudest cry for aid!

* Luke xvi. 31.

Resumed the angel: "Abstinence entire
From wine and stronger drinks, in Him unmoved,
An advocate shall find, whose precept pure,
And firm resolve, as equals true, concur!
He shall be early with the Spirit filled:
A preparation for the work of God
Designed, most gracious and magnificent!
In deeds by Him performed, Elijah's fire
Shall be renewed; his spirit roused; his zeal
Revived; his power exhibited! For He
Shall reconcile the father's stubborn heart,
To sons of cherished hate! and bitter foes,
Of alienation long, in fond embrace
Shall fold each other close, as absent friends
Returned, are clasped by waiting loved ones, home!
For Israel's seed, in numbers large, shall turn
To God, from sin; to wisdom just, from folly's course;
To true obedience back, from rebel ways!"

But Zacharias questioned how the word,
With solemn sanction given, should be fulfilled
In order fixed, legitimate — the course
Of nature's law appointed. Stupid man,
Forgetful of the power which spoke all things
To being first, in hours of unbelief,
Will find some things with God impossible!
To whom the angel stern replied: "I stand
Before the Lord! My errand down to earth,
To make these tidings known — and faithless thou?
Thy tongue its office shall not do; thy lips
Remain in silence closed, until the day
The promised good shall be enjoyed!" Then flew
On joyful wing to heaven. The season pass'd.
The child was born! The father's tongue unloosed,

Redeeming time in silence passed, began
A strain of lofty praise to God: "The God
Of Israel visits thus His chosen ones,
Delivering them from foes of hatred deep;
Performing promises to our fathers made;
Restoring back their palmy days of good,
When Israel worshipped Him in truth, and none
Could make afraid; that we may serve Him now,
In righteousness and holiness again, as when
Jerusalem and Judah offered prayer,
And sacrifice acceptable to Him,
And pleasant in the former years! Thou, child!
The prophet of the Highest called, shalt go
Before the face of Him who comes to bless
The world with joy unutterable! Thou,
Preparing ways for Him, who must prepare
The way for thee; with joyful heart and tongue,
Shalt publish far, what thou, thyself hast learned,
Not in scholastic halls, where science spreads
Her tempting sweets to mental appetite,
But from above, by inspiration taught,
Thou shalt receive the knowledge of the truth—
The Spirit's science—taught by Him who sits
A teacher wise, deep skilled in things divine,
The Lord, omniscient and omnipotent!
To give this knowledge to His people, thine
As organ of communication chosen;
And instrument in hand divine, to make
A preparation wise, appropriate
For more extended grace. 'Tis also thine,
As orbs opaque reflect in milder rays
The sun's bright beams, to pour the softer streams
Of heavenly light on lands where darkness long
Has brooded, 'gendering blackness and despair."

Who's thus address'd? This personage, whose birth
Announced by herald angel's voice? Is this
The Christ? Elijah risen? Expected messenger!
Elias promised! John the harbinger
Of Christ! The twilight gray succeeding night!
The day premonished; day-spring of a morn,
Whose glories shall eclipse the mid-day sun,
As when mad Saul, with threatening mischief filled,
On hellish errand to Damascus sent,
Distressing saints, delighting fiends, deprived
Of sight, struck down to earth and overwhelmed
With awe, with bursting heart for sin's reproach,
With anxious soul for grace withheld, cried out,
What must I do? The porter, opening wide
The portals of religion's ancient dome:
Long closed by frowardness, contempt of good,
Rich blessings — richest in the gift of God —
Unthought of, undervalued and despised;
Improved not to his glory. Opened now,
To welcome earth's expected guest from heaven!
The voice — a theme of prophet's lays — of one
In places solitary, crying loud,
As thunders roar, or voice of him, who stands
On sea and land, "Let all prepare his way!*
Let mountains sink, let valleys rise, let seas
Retire, wide waters melt away, and earth
A plain of vastness great become — all earth
Entire, quick changed, in richest beauty dress'd —
That glorious feet, with unobstructed grace,
And dignity divine, may tread these yet
Unhallowed paths!" Is this a fancy sketch,
O'erwrought by hands unpracticed in the art,
Unstudied and unskilled? Obtruded on

* Luke, iii. 5.

The sight by glaring tints, and harmony
Despoiled? Be not deceived. The picture's drawn
By guided hand. A master's draft — light, shade,
And outline his! Prospective seen and known!
As beacon light to mariners appears
In starless night, to guide them safe to port
Desired, so's light prophetic to the eye
Of christain faith. All prophecy must stand,
Shall be fulfilled, in Heaven's appointed time;
This now in part, but then, all parts complete.
The day of judgment — day of God, the dread
Of all who love not Him; the truth denied,
The promise disbelived by scoffers bold,
In latter days; must first with grandeur come!
A grandeur awful, glorious — dreadful day!
The fiery advent must precede. The earth,
Old earth, in form must pass away! The curse
Pronouced for man's abuse of happiness
Conferred, must be removed: The early form
And loveliness of earth restored. What scenes
Of beauty inexpressible, will charm
The sense of man renewed — capacities
Unbounded, unrestrained enjoyment's range!
O, for a soul of vivid imagery,
And fire, and master's hand, to paint in bright,
Enduring form, the beauties, sparkling, rich,
Unparalleled, which renovated earth,
In fresh primeval state, will then present!
Or which, far better, most desired by minds
With truth enlightened—influence divine—
The powerful breathing of the Holy Ghost,
To waft me o'er the flowing tide of truth,
Avoiding rocks and shoals on either hand;
A guide to follow inspiration's track,

That as I pass in rapid course along,
I may, in numbers sweet as harps of gold,
To music tuned by holy choirs above,
Repeat in perfect strains, the glowing songs,
Once sung by those whose souls were fired by torch
Of Heaven! The wilderness and desert lands*
Shall blossom as the rose, (redeemed from sin;)
Transition, sudden as the lightning's gleam,
From sterile gloom, to perfect beauty's dress;
Assemblages of beauties, skirted round
By beauties richer still, and dazzling bright,
As rubies' countless rays of infinite
Variety. The fir, renowned of old,
Instead of thorns shall grow; the myrtle, fresh
With fragrance sweet as morning flowers emit,
In place of briars come: The barren grounds,
By thirst parched up, where dragons lately dwelt,
Shall be transformed to fertile, grassy plains,
With rushes interspersed; where living streams
Meandering through with gentle flow, shall lave
Their verdant shores! Whence pleasant myrtle groves,
Exhaling most delicious sweets by day—
No night shall intervene— and arbors gay,
Inviting, cool, where angels might repose
Shall side by side, continuous range the earth
Around! Fair paradisean flowers, exotic once,
But now indigenous, shall bloom as far
As customed eye can look, like polished gems
Of various hue, bright glittering o'er the plains!
Each floweret fanned by lambent breeze, soft, pure
As angel's breath or balmy air of heaven,
Beneath whose leaves and petals fair, to light
Congenial spread, no deadly serpent lurks,

* Isaiah xxxv. and lv.

An enemy to man! The scorching rays
Of noon-tide suns, and mists of darker day,
As well as shadows of the night, shall pass
As things of other times, away; and light
Subdued and mellow — sunless light of Heaven—
O'er all the scene, from God, shall radiate!
The garden of the Lord, and He the light
Thereof, amid whose groves and arbors green,
Bless'd man, renewed in image lost, may walk
With God, as Adam walked in Paradise
With Him: communication sweet, ecstatic bliss,
And interchange of burning thought, impress'd
By love divine, upon the soul, whilst here
Imbodied, struggling with the flesh, confined
In house of clay, with organs physical,
Adapted not to faculties redeem'd,
Capacities for bliss and God-like deeds!

Then savage beasts shall be subdued. The wolf,*
The lamb's most dreaded foe, voracious, wild,
Shall sleep among the flock; the tender kids,
In quiet shall repose within the grasp
Of leopards fierce, and fearful once to man;
Young lions, fatlings, calves — incongruous group —
Together dwell as sportive children, young
And innocent, of kindred blood and name!
The cow and bear at one appointed crib
Well stored, shall feed; the lion, dreaded most,
Because of powers destructive most possess'd,
As docile then shall be, as yielding ox
Accustomed to the yoke: And infants weak,
Unpracticed with the goad, shall guide them well,
As shepherds lead their flocks! How great the change!

* Isaiah xi. 6

The serpent of his poison dispossess'd,
Destructiveness in name, and but in name,
Will then exist; and dwellers on the earth,
Excepted none — alas! how many now!—
Shall know and love the Lord: Delighted most,
To hold communication with their King
And Saviour, such as those redeemed from death
Of body, spirit, both, enjoy.—Enjoyed
Alone, till then, by those who sing the song
In Heaven peculiar to themselves. Is this
Millennial glory? Kingdom of the saints,
A thousand years before the Judge shall come?
The judgment first! Shall faith be found on earth*
When He shall come? Has He not said that tares
With wheat together grow till harvest time?
The harvest of the earth, when wicked men,
Like vintage ripe, are reaped of God, and crushed
As grapes are crushed, by his vindictive wrath?

Dismissed from present waiting at the throne
Of Majesty on high, where joyful bow,
With reverential awe and listening ear,
To catch divine command, ten thousand sons
Of light, by twice ten thousand multiplied,
Gabriel returns to earth! His errand great
And glorious! Heaven rejoiced and man redeem'd!
Now shrink to nothing back, and hide your heads
Ye mighty ones of earth, as reptiles mean
From light unwelcome! Gabriel pass them by!
Thy visit, long looked for, presaging much
Of God's intentions, hitherto concealed,
Shut up in secret cabinet of mind
Eternal; big with good or ill to man,

* Daniel vii. 26—27: Rev. xi. 15—18

Is not for them! God looks upon the heart.
Those who commend themselves, are not approved,
But whom the Lord commendeth. Haste away
To Nazareth. The virgin known of God
And favored, waits thy coming. Mary, blest
Among the fair, behold thy visitant!
Who, eager his great message to reveal,
With gladden'd haste begins: "Hail favored one!
The Lord is with thee, fear thou not! Thou shalt,
Through intercourse with God, the Holy Ghost,
Conceive — conception wonderful! unknown
To earth! Miraculous, unique, sublime!
The incarnation of the Deity!
God-head imbodied! Heaven His presence void,
If fullness infinite vacuity
Can know, to give rich plenitude to earth!
Thou shalt bring forth a son — the Son of God!
To Him the throne of David shall be given;
And He shall reign in righteousness and peace
O'er Jacob's house forever!" Then away
The angel back to Heaven. By custom fixed,
Ordained of God, and venerated long,
The virgin was espoused to a man devout
And well disposed, of David's royal house.
The nuptials yet unsolemnized, for God
Had intervened. His great designs, replete
With bliss to man — eternity of bliss,
In time commenced, and glory to himself
Resulting, glory brilliant most in what
Designed for man — rich grace exemplified,
Must first be consummated! Heaven and earth
In her must be united! Holy bans!
Enduring as eternity! In her
Conjoined must God and man; these two in one!

One glorious personage, with character
Conformed and nature not his own!
Assumed, put on as kings put on disguise!
Angelic, nor yet human; nor divine;
But human and divine united, one!
Mystery sublime! God manifest in flesh!
He, one in flesh with us, that we with Him,
In spirit one, and nature might become!

Now Joseph, unadvised of God's design,
Reluctant stood, meanwhile perplexed, and mused
As one distress'd, and hesitating much
With justice what, or honor to himself,
Or what comport with claims of her betroth'd,
Should then be done; nor could he well decide.
At night, when sleep had sealed his eyes, (not sense
For truth's reception,) God, who slumbers not,
Appeared in vision saying: "Fear not thou,
Nor hesitate. Take Mary to thyself
As spouse beloved and virtuous as thyself.
Miraculous to thee and wonderful,
But not with God, is what thou seest. The child
An heir of God, and by the Holy Ghost
Begotten, shall save from sin's accursed power
His chosen ones; and Jesus thou shalt call
His name!" The morning came, and with it came
A brighter day for Joseph. Doubts and fears —
The equipose of mind, distressing state
To all but sluggish souls, inert where most
Would be excited, active and awake
To cause and sequence, else of import slight —
Were now dispelled by voice of God to him
Addressed, as shades of thickest night dispersed
Before the light of day! Thrice happy man!

Advised of God in case most critical
And difficult of choice! Domestic ills,
With their attendant train of woes accursed,
Most cruel jealousies and burning strifes,
And disappointed hopes, with crushed desires
Of early fancied bliss, for life involved!
But happy most in choice, at God's command
Obedient made. Allied to her whom God
Had bless'd — reputed father of the Son!
To be affianced thus, might Gabriel wish,
If he could covet earthly bliss, or ask
What mortals may of God. Now Mary's cup
Of pleasure's filled. A cup no mortal drank
Before, or shall. Ingredients mixed, and well
Adjusted to a taste refined by grace
And intercourse with God. No good desire
Unsatisfied; no appetite unfed;
No thirst for living waters, deep, unslaked;
Perfected bliss! Attainment highest that
Her state can reach! Now she seeks, wisely seeks,
As others of her sex, a confidant
And friend of kindred blood and mutual choice,
To whom she may, with added bliss, (because
She may,) communicate her fullest joy!
Her object fixed and mind established well,
With good intent and buoyancy of soul
She treads with swift untiring feet, the hills
And dales of her loved native land; nor rest,
Nor respite knows until that object's gained.
The way pursued, enchanting to the eye,
In nature's wild profusion rich. Bright meads
Extending far, bedecked with dewdrops fresh,
Glittering in morning light as diamonds set,
Or pearls in crowns of gold, by princes worn;

The verdant copse, now skirting wide the scene
Where feathered warbles pour sweet melody
Unmixed, from nature's fount, (instructed well
By Him who guides their flight;) the landscape fair,
Spread out like painted fields of heathen fame,
In loveliest view from elevations green,
Are passed unheeded by? And soon the place
Desired, is near, and she with beating heart,
At cottage door beloved, in waiting stands,
The customed saluation to receive.
The greeting welcome, oft received and given,
Not now received. Not one that custom makes
Respectful and expected—greeting which
The Holy Ghost inspired: "Hail, Mary, blest!
Of women blest in what thou hast believed,
Most richly blest, and what received of God!
The promise given to thee, most gracious, freely given,
Embracing what the prophets sung, and kings
Have waited long to see, shall be redeemed.
Why am I honored thus? More honored far,
Than David's royal line of sceptred ones,
To Zedekiah—last, till heir of God
Appointed. Honor more than man bestows
On fellow man, with pageantry of earth,
In triumph given for deeds of valor done;
Or visit royal, state and equipage
Befitting, made to those of equal grade—
The mother of my Lord hath come!" To whom
Responded Mary, thus: "My soul enlarged,
Doth magnify the Lord, as mediums fit,
From earth's position viewed, do magnify
The orbs of heaven! My spirit hath rejoiced:
Unspeakable my joy! Chosen of God,
In low estate, and visited of Him!

From hence, not only thou, but nations great,
Shall bless the mother for the Son, more blest!
He, who is mighty to subdue His foes,
To favor friends, ordains it so. Holy, He,
And reverend be His name! His mercy great,
From generations gone to end of time,
Is shown to those who fear His name; not those
Who proudly soar in vain, imagined flights,
Above their wingless fellow tribes; above
Whose grade they cannot soar, but ever doomed
The same — reality's degree — in spite
Of unavailing efforts, madly made,
Repeated oft, and still the same. Such men
Are scattered by His arm, as lightnings dread
Are scattered from the cloud; as chaff is blown
Before the storm! In their own net they're taken!
Cast down in guilty, vain imaginings!
With triumph flushed, where's yielded honor less
To victor, than to vanquished. Triumph base,
Infernal, o'er the poor, enslaved, oppressed,
And friendless; here, among the just condemn'd,
Reproachful, cruel; celebrated loud
In hell, with most malignant jubilee!
His arm is strong revealed, in justice bared,
To humble those exalted; raise to seats
Of power and honor, those cast down, oppressed:
To fill the poor with good, and others turn —
The rich and proud, who look within themselves
For good — away, unsatisfied, despised!"

The King of kings, and King invisible,
By power unknown, contemned, by few confess'd,
His sceptre sways o'er earth as well as heaven.
Vile man, in all the universe, is led
By hand unseen — through life's extent, is led —

On earth denied, in hell acknowledged, felt!
His wrath's restrained, and turned from mad designs
Against designs omnipotent, divine;
As proud Sennacherib was turned, by hook
Of God, and led from spoil and conquest plann'd
Against Jerusalem! From motives base,
And selfish ends, man oft unwittingly
Co-operates with God, effecting what
His purpose fixed, whose word as pledged by man
Inspired, in things minute shall faithful stand,
And prove His prescience clear: "Thou Bethlehem,*
Of Judah, small, not least; for out of thee
The Governor shall come, as Prince to rule
My people well!" To this must Cæsar's law
Conform. O, monarch great! Augustus named!
August thyself, in vain conception thine;
Ambitious. Worm thou art in sight of God!
Thy great designs, encircling policy
Of state extended; policy in which
The good or ill of many is involved,
And government of empire vast, of right
Administered; thy splendid plans promulged,
Promote, unknown to thee, the cause of God!

Now Israel's tributary host, oppressed,
Submissive to the Roman yoke, imposed
As chastisement divine, obedient each
To Cæsar's wide decree, repair to place
Respective natal origin and house,
To render tribute to their king. A group
Of opposite varieties: The man
Of age and judgment fixed; the child of days

* Matthew ii. 6.

And mind expansive ; volatile and staid ;
Illiterate and learned ; polite and rude ;
The credulous and sceptical ; the rich
And poor ; religious, irreligious — all
With one desire impell'd. Among the crowd,
Were two, by higher, holier motive led ;
A modest pair intent to honor God,
By honoring His behest to honor kings!
Quite unobstrusive they, and less observed,
Than those of forward mien. Unknown to most,
Yet known of God — important links in chain
Of His design to bless the world! O, God!
Mysterious Thou, and none can trace Thy ways ;
Thy home is in the whirlwind and the cloud,
Thy footsteps trackless, and Thy paths unknown!
The weary pair arrive at Bethlehem,
But luckless, find no room, where others find
A goodly fare, for compensation paid!
No costly lodging theirs! No stately pomp,
By citizens of David's ancient town
Displayed, to welcome strangers eminent
With God! A stall their lodging place! A place
For cattle fitted! Be astonished earth,
Ungrateful to your King — Here Christ was born!
No furnished nursery's attendant state,
Nor splendid style, nor festive season gay ;
Nor gratulations meet, to princes given
Of meaner name, by right of royalty
Received ; in adulation blind bestowed!
His pillow coarse, the refuse straw ; His bed,
The manger rude, where oxen fed! No peals
Of acclamation break upon the ear,
Nor demonstrations joyous fill the air,
To mark the spot, and solemnize the deed!

Yet celebrated round the throne of God
And marked, an era new to earth and heaven!
The burning sun his ever circling car,
Down earth's declivity had rolled; his light
Trailing afar, bright gilding nature's scenes,
Had fled away and left instead, the gloom
Of night to settle down on Palestine:
A company of shepherds silent sat,
And watched their resting flocks. They led them forth
By day, to graze along the streams, and feed
Amid refreshing meads; at night they watched
With care, lest ravening wolves, with eagar haste,
Should waste their charge defenceless — image fit,
To shadow forth the Saviour's care for sheep,
Redeemed by him with price of blood! To these,
Employed to watch their flocks — the patriarchs
Were such, and loved of God — the Lord appeared!
As when by him on Patmos seen, or him,
At Horeb's mount; the angel his, who came,
As representative of Deity!
Celestial light — the glory of the Lord,
Which rested on the camp in cloudy form,
And marked the way by night, as fiery guide,
To marching Israel's host — His presence now
Revealed! As Moses at the mount of God,
These men affrighted, trembling stood. To whom
The angel: "Fear ye not; behold I bring
You tidings good and joyous; tidings great!
To earth's extent and end of time embraced,
By all expectants of the promised good —
Messiah's advent! Born to you this day,
Is Christ the Lord; at David's city born!"
Then quick as angel's flight, the song of Heaven,
Was thence transferred to earth: A multitude

Of heavenly habitants were praising God,
In notes celestial; grateful to the ear
Of Him whose praise they sing. Anthem of God!
Sung before time began; again, when earth,
From chaos rose, in Eden's beauty dress'd;
And now, with added notes of harmony,
Revised in Heaven! Angelic choir on earth!
Ye shepherds wonder! Mountains echo back
The sounds seraphic! Hark! How exquisite
The strains! as thunders, loud; as trumpets, shrill;
Yet soft as breath of God, they roll along,
As sweetly borne, in peals successive borne
Upon the midnight air! The counterpart
Was sung in Heaven; harmonious sung, by all
The sons of God, with those of earth; in this
Alone harmonious: The occasion fit,
To wake the slumbering lyres of Heaven; so long
By sins of earth imposed to silence dread,
Because no door of hope was opened there
For guilty man! Ye holy choirs of God!
Reserve your songs for triumphs of his Son:
Triumphs which soon shall wake the songs of earth,
For man shall join in concert with yourselves;
Eternal, joyous concert; once commenced
Shall never cease, but each continuous note,
Original, add interest to the whole!
His praise deserved, appropriate, ye well
Have sung; His glory seen by you above;
To Him ye bowed and hallelujahs sung,
Before He left the throne to dwell with man!

The burden of this song, unknown, unsung
On earth before, was sung to celebrate
A day of peace and glory to the world!

From Abel's death — the martyr first, who fell
By brother's hand accursed, the work of hell
On earth commenced — till now, Messiah's birth,
The blood of murderous murdered sires, has cried
From thirsty grounds, which drank its flowing streams
And garnered them as witness of their deeds,
For vengeance on the sons! Thus, earth, enriched
With blood of man, has reaped a harvest ripe,
Of wars successive, murders multiplied,
And horrors dire, as fruit legitimate!
No hostile legions now with heavy tread,
Moving to meet the hated foe, shall shake
The solid earth, or sweep like autumn's storms,
With angry blast, o'er cultured plains; nor dread
Imperial hosts with vengeance fired, march forth
Against provincial foes — enslaved at most,
Not conquered; won by friendship, not by chains —
But Peace, like mercy's angel, winged in heaven,
Delighted spreads her pinions o'er the earth!
From old Euphrates to Atlantic's shore,
No cry to arms alarms the timid soul,
Or courage frantic breathes in bolder hearts!
No martial bugle breaks the quiet air,
With strains of dissonance to earth and heaven,
Which rudely give the fearful note of war —
Of havoc wild, and thousands slain; for Peace
Her olive sceptre holds, and earth obeys!
The temple consecrate to Peace at Rome —
Strange offering for a nation bred to arms —
Is closed, betokening good! "Pacific age!"
The adumbration of Messiah's reign!
If ought of earthly policy, or state,
May show the glories of that kingdom forth,
Where peace of God, from him derived, begets

As motive pure, each thought, each bosom swells,
As spring impulsive moves all hearts to deeds
Of love and joy, and holy consonance!

The shepherds heard the message sent from God
And pondered, as did Mary, what they heard.
A Saviour born! at Bethlehem! the Christ,
Whose advent once was sung by bards of old!
This truth, so strange, communicated thus,
Aroused their torpid minds to active state,
And energy determinate. As when
By martial music roused, the war-horse trained,
To battle leaps impetuous; so haste
These men to Bethlehem, where Jesus lay!
Their flocks were left in care of Him who cares
For all, and provident for all in wide
Creation's range, from insects small, that hum
His praise in groveling strains, to angels high,
Who strike the lyres of God. Their thoughts
Were turned to Him the chief of shepherds born,
And sheep of pasture His. The Spirit taught
Them thus to think, and led them to the place
Announced. The infant Saviour there they saw!
Their eyes with rapture lingered on the babe —
The embryo perfections of their Lord—
As on some scene enchanting! Nor could they
Well forbear; innocence, nay, Heaven itself
Was pictured there, in lineament and form!
The smile of love, unearthly love, played round
His lip of rosy sweetness, as soft winds
Around earth's gayest blossoms; and His eye
Expressive, beamed with new delight, by man
Not understood, by angels seen, not known—
Delight to do his Father's will — to live

On earth a life of sorrow, sorrow more
Than man can suffer or conceive ; to die
A death — that death, can pencil paint, or pen
Describe? accursed, glorious death ; of man
Reproached, of God exalted, glorified!
They gazed and felt, and caught the glow of Heaven!
And then returned, rejoicing as they went,
Ascribing praise to God, and glory new!
The consequence as constant as the cause
Unvarying, they published what they saw.
As Philip, when he found the one of whom
The prophets wrote, to others said, "Come see!"
The woman to Samaria's sons, when she
The Saviour saw and heard at Jacob's well,
"Come see the man ;" so every one who sees
And hears the Son of God with faith, will ope
For God, his mouth, and speak for Him, in praise
Of grace bestowed, and life received ; for this
Is life, to know Jehovah and His Son!

The joyful parents, grateful to their God,
Present with prudent haste, the child to Him,*
As was required by law which Moses gave :
That first born males were holy to the Lord
And His peculiar sons, unless redeemed
By price determined ; and exempted thence
From service Levi's sons performed by choice
Of God, instead of those first sanctified
To Him, and ransomed from Egyptian chains.†
The Son of God was sanctified to Him
For service none but He could do! No price,
Or ransom paid, exemption claims for Him
From gracious work man's lost estate requires.

* Exodus xiii- 2. † Numbers viii. 14—18-

Nor would He seek exemption, where accrues
No privilege, but privilege to yield
Subjection — liability engaged
By Him, in covenant eternal made.
His work, to magnify the law of God,*
By passive sufferance first, obedience then,
And voluntary. Jesus was redeemed,
As first-born sons from priestly service due.
Made under law and subject to the law,
In Him the law must be fulfilled, and have
Through Him, for righteousness, an end to all
Believers in His name — those justified
Of God, acquitted thus through perfect grace!

Now Simeon blest, a man devout and just,
Who waited long for Israel's hope and joy,
Was by the Spirit led to approach the courts
Of God, where sacrifice was offered up
To Him for Jesus' sake — the customed gift,
For sons redeemed. To him it was revealed
That he should see the Christ before his death
Should come, though aged then, and feebly burned
The lamp of life! He took the child and said —
He spoke as one inspired of God: "Now let
Thy servant, Lord, depart in peace, as Thou
Hast said. I have Thy great salvation seen,
As man's desires, and great as Thou art great!
Where man is lost, where sin is found, as wide
As heaven and deep as hell; to ends of earth
Extended. Light of God to lighten man;
Prepared before the face of all, to shine
On all the Gentile lands, neglected long
And far from God, as well as Jews brought nigh;—

* Numbers xviii. 15—16: Luke ii. 24.

Those favored long with oracles divine,
The book of God and sacrifices blest,
Communications new and prophets wise,
To point the way to Him. The far off now
Brought near, shall be the heirs of life with Christ!"

The parents wondered much at what was said
Of Him, their Son. The good man blest them both,
Then to the mother said: "A sword shall pierce
Thee through, when He by wicked hands is slain!
Then shalt thou feel a mother's love — a love
Excessive, not misplaced, on such a Son—
As daggers piercing through thy soul! Then thou
Shalt see Him, not as Son of God by faith,
For thee expiring; but thy own dear Son,
By brutal men destroyed! And faultless He;
Destroyed to gratify malicious foes!
Thy heart shall bleed, but He, the Son of God
Shall hold thee up and bind thy broken heart!
He shall be spoken of as sign of ill,*
And omen of the nation's fall! By Him
Shall many fall in Israel; others rise.
The first be last, and last be first: For last
Shall Israel rise again. Rejected first,
For first rejecting Him; received again,
The living from the dead! Their fulness hence,†
When Gentile fulness ends, and blindness long —
Judicial curse for imprecations bold
And blasphemous — shall be removed; the veil
Taken off, and they with joy behold their own
Messiah as he is! Dispersed and peeled‡
Among the nations round, as God hath said,

* Luke ii. 34. † Rom. xi. ch. ‡ Deut. xxx. 1—10.

They shall be gathered thence in latter days,
And settled on their old estates—the land
Their fathers occupied. To Abra'm promised first,
And to his seed, in generations theirs,*
To end of time! Then will He be their God
Again, forever theirs! Dispersed no more!
Reproached no more! Their day of glory come!"†
The old man ended here, his message sealed,
And calmly waited for the approach of death!

What scenes of novel joy will greet the eye!
New beauties rise along the ancient plains,
In quick succession rise, like shifting scenes
In fancied dramas painted! Barren lands‡
Grown rich and fertile, tilled again and sown;
As Eden yielding fragrant flowers, and more
Substantial fruit; new cities built, unwalled§
And safe, with neither bars nor gates to ward
The foe; Jerusalem inhabited
Again in former place, and called the throne
Of God; the holy place, where tribes devout
Shall worship Him in truth, through Christ His Son!
The sons of strangers then shall build their walls, ‖
And dress their vines; come bending at their feet,
In servile office waiting! Robb'd of them
Before, they robb'd in turn, shall minister
To wants of those they crushed! They shall not plant ¶
And others eat; to them again the vine
Shall yield its fruit nutritious. Safely they
Shall dwell and safely worship God, in form
And pattern primitive — the church of Christ,**

* Gen. xvii. 8.
† Ezk. xxxvi.
‡ Ezk. xxxvi. 8-12.
§ Ezk. xxxvii. 11.
‖ Isaiah lx. 10.
¶ Isaiah lxv. 21-22.
** Jerem. iii. 15-18.

Apostles built! Then men of heathen name,
Of languages and nations far, shall hold
The skirts of hasting Jews with deadly grasp,
Whilst they imploring say, "We'll go with you
To repossess the land — there God shall dwell!"*
The jubilee to Israel promised long;
To Gentiles never! blessings which these now
Enjoy, and richly, end when glorious days†
To Jews commence! The Saviour's looked for reign‡
On earth, is promised where, before the Lord
As Judge shall come? Earth's jubilee entire,
When anti-Christ shall cease! The prophet false,
And beast shall fall, the judgment set, and they
In righteous sentence doomed, together writhe
And rage, eternal in the burning lake!
And then shall sound the trump of God, the trump§
Of final doom to man; and voices great,
In heaven proclaim the universal reign
Of Christ! Till then shall Satan live; nor taste
The second death prepared, until this day
Of glory's passed — the thousand years of peace
On earth! But shorn of strength, and glory spoiled,
As chieftain dread of hellish hosts, no power
Shall then possess to push the nations on
To fierce encounter! Swords to ploughshares turned,‖
Shall pierce the soil instead of man, and spears
To hooks, the vine shall dress, nor drink man's blood
Again, till Satan loosed from prison comes;
And comes to those, who dwell in Gentile lands,
To urge them on to war and spoil desired!
Then ploughshares back to swords, and hooks to spears,
Those instruments of death, shall quick be changed,

* Zeck. viii. 23.
† Deut. xxx. 7; Hosea iii. 4-5.
‡ 2 Tim. iv. 1.
§ Rev. xi. 15.
‖ Joel iii. 10, and Isaiah ii. 4.

And hosts untold of mighty men, as led
By him, shall march against Jerusalem!*
With martial pomp and warlike dread, shall come
In long and threatening lines drawn out, as when
A cloud of wide extent and big with storm —
The lightning's flash and distant thunder's roar —
Rising with tempest's flight, begets deep fear
And quailing horrors in the soul! The last
Great armament of earth! Earth's strength combined
Against Almighty God and Israel's host!
The city and the camp of saints beloved,
They will intrench — encouraged by what's gained —
To daring fight and desperation bold!
But God shall fight for Israel: Weapons aimed
At those He loves, shall turn aside, or fall
As harmless down as leaves of autumn fall
To earth's soft bosom, shaken by the wind;
For He shall rain upon their bands, from heaven†
An overflowing storm of hailstones great,
And fire with brimstone mingled! They shall fall —
Their hosts entire, upon the mountain tops,
A prey for ravening beasts — the sacrifice
Of God for them! Here ends, forever ends,
The power of earth and hell to strive with God!

* Ezk. xxxviii. † Ezk. xxxviii. 22: Rev. xx. 9

SATAN CONQUERED, &c.

BOOK II.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with Wisdom; and the Grace of God was upon Him.

Luke ii. 40.

Though he were a Son, yet learned He obedience.

Heb. v. 8.

For it became Him * * * * to make the Captain of their salvation, perfect through suffering.

Heb ii. 10.

BOOK II.

Thou God of Jacob, thee I now invoke!
Impress Thy truth upon my heart, for truth
I sing; all else is chaff Thy breath shall drive
Away. All guises false shalt thou tear off
From truth essential, as habiliments
Of man's invention, clothing that which needs
No clothing; naked best and beautiful
Appears to Thee. With simple truth my heart
Impress, that unadorned emissions thence
May come to touch the heart. Enlighten Thou
My mind, and guide, that I may walk in paths
Thy word has marked. In heavenly light may walk,
And others trace the footsteps clear of Him
Who goes before; nor deviate in all
The way that leads through Christ to Thee. Of Thee
Thy truth is honored; man for holding truth.
The truth let me not sink by this attempt
At verse unpolished by the rules of art;
But me inspire and elevate my strains,
Unworthy else of such a theme. As barks
Ill-formed, whose shadows rude in mirrored face
Of waters seen, are carried o'er the deep,
And yet no trace remains; so would I pass
Through depths profound and oceans vast, and leave
The truth's unruffled surface still behind!
For I would sing of Christ, my Lord: On earth
Would sing, and sing in heaven! But chiefly now,
The path He trod from infant days of peace,
To manhood's rugged years and thorny ways!

The prophets, bards of God, His praises sung,
And distant nations caught the strains inspired,*
As round the world they rolled! The classic bards,
With feeble light and mimic song, attuned
Their harps to praise of Him unknown—the one
To come, and usher in a golden age!
And wise men too, expectants stood: by faith
Or half imagined hope, they looked for One
Of wisdom great and royal power, to found
By right, a school, which as a fountain pure,
Should send its streams of true philosophy
Surpassing theirs, to heal the world! They saw
His star, the guiding star of God, and came
Inquiring where the Christ was born — the King
They came to worship! Bowed before Him then
And offered frankincense and gold, and myrrh
To Him, who needs nor wealth, nor gold; but thus
They worshipp'd, blindly worshipp'd Him, their Lord,
Who asks alone the homage of the heart!
Where this withheld, all else of sacrifice
Is vain and hypocritical; to Him
Disloyal and unjust, as offered bribe,
Insulting to His majesty and truth!

Now Herod troubled, and Jerusalem —
By Satan moved to jealousy and hate —
Behold in Him a certain rival born;
Competitor for regal honors, such
As earth bestows! Mistaken men! Praise more
Exalted, and of nobler name, demands
From Him attention; kingly honor's grade,
Above mock majesty of earth, as God

* Rom. x. 18

Above the meanest creature formed! Aspire
To Herod's throne He could not — stained with blood!—
Though King of Jews was born and Heir of right!
Polluted, guilty honors! Thrones and powers
And principalities are His! His throne
Eternal! Hence the Spirit to Him thus:
"Thy throne, O God, forever, ever stands;
A sceptre Thine of righteousness and truth;
These hast Thou loved, iniquity despised,
So God annointed Thee with gladdening oil,
Above the kings of earth! In perfect form
The worlds by Thee were made, and supple wing'd,
To speed through airy fields their onward flight!
They all shall perish; feeble grow with age,
Their fashion change, their glories fade away!
But Thou, nor age, nor change shall know! Thy years
As deep, unfathomed seas, eternal flow!"*

Vain man, to fancy Him a rival born!
How vain! Guilty and fearful, deep perplexed,
Like others of his fellows, sinful men,
Not quiet on their thrones, he asked of scribes
And others skilled in prophet's word, where Christ
Must be; and strictly bade the wise men search,
And diligent, till Him they found, that He
Might sacrifice — not worship — sacrifice
The Lord himself! Presumptuous man! Would blast
Earth's brightest hopes, untune the harps of heaven,
And wake the jarring notes of joy in hell!
But him shall God despise and disappoint!
The wise men sought and found. The King of kings
They worshipp'd, and returned. So him they mocked,
Nor did what he required. Now Herod roused

* Heb. i. 8-12.

To anger fierce, as greedy lion robbed
Of prey, sends out his myrmidons to slay
With cruel hands the babes of Bethlehem!
Who, innocent, knew ill nor good, nor had
But then plurality of years attained,
As greatest age; above they did not go,
But downward thence to infants born! What scenes
Of horror meet the eye, and wring the heart!
Enraged, these slaves of Herod's lust, and slaves
To lust their own as well — foul fiends disguised
In manhood's form, with devilish minds intent,
By sins long practised — blackest deeds of blood
Emboldened — enter dwellings where till now,
No fear of ills at hand, the inmates' hearts
Had ever filled; here snatch from mother's arms
And fond embrace, the clinging child, to death
Consigned! Unhappy mothers! doomed to see
Their children torn from them and slain, by men
(If men they were, I blush to call them such,)
Of iron hearts, with whom nor tears, nor prayers
Prevail! Thrice happy babes! from all the ills
Of life at once removed! Nor bless'd in this
Alone — for Christ's sake slain, for Christ's sake bless'd,
As martyrs, though unconscious they in works
Or faith, and passive in the deed! A voice
Is heard in Ramah! Mother's frantic moan*
And wailing loud, for children gone! In this
Is seen the word prophetic. Rachel dead —
Her tomb was there — seemed weeping then, instead
Of mothers crushed, bereaved and comfortless,
Address'd of God: "Refrain thy voice, thy eyes
Refrain from tears; the enemy shall hold
Thy babes imprisoned long, but smiling hope

* Jeremiah xxxi. 15:—Matth. ii. 17-18.

The end shall crown — Thy loved ones shall return."
Thus Satan stood, the Old Dragon named in word
Apocalyptic ; ready stood, with jaws
Distended wide, and hellish appetite
Voracious, to devour the child when born!

'Twas night in Eastern lands, and such a night,
Aside from incidents important, strange —
Economy of God, unfolded there —
As oft they saw : But now among the stars
The cloudless moon, in queenly majesty
Looked down on Bethlehem ; benignly look'd
As on the scene of God's great drama, laid
On earth, to end in heaven! Attracting now
The gaze intense of sainted hosts above,
And vast concentred energies of mind
Eternal! Joseph then, unconscious quite
Of danger nigh — for who could dream that he
Need fear the tyrant's hate? — in quiet slept,
When God in vision came and turned his thoughts
To heavenly musing! Warned of him — but not
Alarmed — that Herod sought the young child's life!
And straitly charged to flee in haste away
From pending ills! So Joseph quick arose,
Nor waited for the welcome morn, but fled
To Egypt safe, with Mary and the child!
Prohibited return till Herod's death ;
For him did God abhor as wicked man,
For fiendish acts and persecutions oft,
Against his people done! Nor this alone,
As hypocritical and vain in works
Of piety pretended! Ardent love
Of fame posthumous ; pride, the motive base,
(Not love to God, the motive pure and bless'd,)

Induced the work of magnitude, by him
Performed, and consecrate to God most High!
The temple — glorious edifice — rebuilt,
Adorned with gold and evil treasured wealth;
Amass'd by power and cankered by the tears
And blood of those oppress'd; so deep and dark,
No acts devotional of outward show
Can wipe the stain away; but witness true
At judgment day shall stand, and speak for God,
In justice of his deep damnation fixed!
God's holy anger now, like waters pent,
Accumulated long, with whelming force
And fury burst, to sweep from earth the man
Who dared to persecute his infant Son!
Anon disease, disgusting, foul disease,
With horrid feature came, and threatening mien,
As strong man armed, to attack the citadel
Of life! A raging fire by process slow
His vitals burned. A fire which lived by what
It fed on — appetite unsatisfied;
Demanding food as fuel to the flame,
And yet unsatisfied: but burning more,
The more was fed, till all consumed! So died
This wretched man, an enemy to God!
Then Joseph came with Mary and the child
To Nazareth; that he a Nazarene
Should thence be called, as prophet's word foretold.*

As eastern sages bowed to Jesus, King,
So must their wisdom bow to Him. "The world
By wisdom knew not God." A teacher sent
From Him and qualified by Him, must come
To teach the way to Him; instructed well

* Math. ii. 23.

And trained in school of God. Philosophy
Unsanctified, did oft o'erleap its bounds,
(For sound philosophy its circle had,
Of truth and usefulness to man ;) assume
The place of revelation pure, and claim
To teach instead of God, how happiness
Could be attained on earth, and how attained
In heaven! So turning from the path which God
Designed, and lighted by His providence
And truth — the only way to eminence,
Of good report with Him, and valued high ;
And usefulness, and all that's loved of Him
On earth — it madly plunged its votaries down
The darkest maze of thought perplex'd, and thought
Disparted from its hand-maid sense, and thought
Refined by contact with its kindred thought,
Without external test of sober things ;
Till whelm'd at last in vortex vast of vain
Abstractions, endless as the unfathomed pit,
Whence none could e'er return to reason's light,
Or light of God ; but rayless night their doom
Unending! Final doom of all, who cast
From them the truth of God, and follow guides
Of unassisted reason's choice! But what
Was strange and unaccountable to those,
Who held the lamp of truth, and saw in light
Divine, the way they trod ; such men seemed pleased
With darkness more than light ; with falsehood, more
Than truth ; with vain imagined proofs in place
Of inference fair, or logical induction made,
As sequence strong! And when the darkness came
They thought 'twas light. And what was truth, to them
Sheer falsehood seemed : So when philosophy
That's worth the name, on speedy wing did flee

Their grasp, they knew it not. When wisdom fled
And virtue fled, they bolder grew, and claimed
All wisdom, virtue, and acquaintanceship
With God! Thus whilst professing wisdom theirs,
And virtue theirs, excluding others else,
Whom they discipled not, the Lord pronounced
Them fools, and mocked their efforts weak
To find Him out, because in haughtiness
Of heart and mind, with empty knowledge puff'd,
They closed their eyes against the light He gave!
Of Atheist stamp were some, who stoutly held
And loud proclaimed, that God's fair universe
From atoms came fortuitous; and formed
Itself with shape designed — intelligence
Impress'd — as 'tis to observation clear,
Of minds untangled with such madmen's creeds.
They did not firm deny the gods a place
In their divinity, yet thought them weak
And unacquainted with the affairs of man;
Or unconcerned about his state. And taught
That souls were mortal too, like bodies born,
And so to death were subject and decay!
Suppose this dogma true; then what is man?
A worm! Yes, less than worm! For its brief day
Is o'er in shorter space. In labor less,
And less amount of evil here endures!
A worm as he is mortal is confess'd,
And kindred owns with habitants of dust!
Immortal too in mind; in principle
Allied to Heaven, and to infinity
Allied! With angel flight he soars above
Material things, and claims affinity
With God! Who immortality alone
Doth claim essential to himself, but breathed

At first the gift in man — a living soul!
Fit deity for worshippers so blind:
Who sought as highest good, indulgence base
Of animal desire! At whose low shrine
Must virtue minister; nor be pursued,
But as it pleasure gave, and gave reward
To appetite, or lust ungratified!
Nor was abstemiousness a virtue prized,
But as excess unfitted for the end
In view — to pamper flesh and slay the soul!
And others, wiser in their own esteem,
Yet lax in morals, and in manners base,
Taught scepticism disguised, for sober truth!
They fondly held, with wit affected, grave,
That what to man appeared as truth, as truth
Must be received. And what was probable
To minds matured, might acquiescence claim;
But what was probable and certain what,
Could not agree, nor fix what truth appeared!
And so unsettled all first principles
In moral truth, and gave no solid ground
For man to stand upon — no cherished hopes!

Another class, of more exalted creed,
One God acknowledged: obligations thence
To moral law deduced. But these, to God
No veneration gave, nor love to good,
Accounted such by Him, the source of good!
Their deity a moving principle
In nature's operations wide; but not
Of choice! Volition gave to man; to Him
Denied! Necessity their god adored!
Virtue and vice their great distinctions lost,
And happiness existed but in name!

Such deity just praise to virtue's cause,
Could not bestow, nor vice its due reward.
Here God in character reproached, beholds
In mirror'd form, His lovely features marr'd!

And others somewhat more of majesty
To Deity assigned. His functions, they
To brighter worlds above, did not confine —
To count the stars and regulate their course,
In lofty heights of space ethereal:
Nor to the clouds did fix His sway divine,
But all the universe, they strictly held
His presence animated — empty thought,
As subtile, active, penetrating fire!
But where it acted, penetrated where,
Or how pervade all matter space and mind,
Inscrutable and dark, mysterious all!
For they as firmly held him bound to earth —
To matter bound subordinate to fate;
And fate was blind, and so could never hold
The torch to boasted reason's midnight path!
Thus darkened they, man's brightest prospects here —
Unfurnished all with hopes of bliss to come!

An other class there was, existed long,
Of Grecian school; who towered in wisdom high
Above their fellows. Like the forest oak,
Of ancient growth and sturdy trunk, whose roots
Imbedded deep in genial earth, support
And succour thence received, to cast abroad
His arms, embracing all beneath him grew;
This sect with wide-spread arms embraced all truth,
All virtue, wisdom, and all knowledge, which
Their kindred sects had taught: And thus they stood

Pre-eminent and proud, above them all!
But Israel's God denied ; rejected light
By Him bestowed, to guide their wandering feet
In wisdom ways ; so learning evermore —
Approximating still, and onward still,
Their motto and their course, pursued in vain —
But never reached the truth's appointed goal!
They turned from God his worship due, and led
Bewildered minds to worship deities
Inferior. The foulest creed of hell
That e'er disgraced theology's fair page!
Adopted since by those of Christian guise
Assumed, and modified to suit the taste
Corrupted : Brat of Pagan birth, baptized
In Rome, and nurtured there to manhood's size!
These taught that souls imprisoned long on earth,
By means of abstinence and penance done,
Should be enfranchised thence. Pernicious thought!
If not by faith of Jesus qualified,
And in submission held! Take him of Rome,
As one example to our case in point,
Among the many else which might be named.
He pass'd the streams and at the fountain drank ;
Drank large supplies, delighted, often drank,
The purest waters that philosophy
Could ever furnish to a thirsty soul ;
Yet "died of thirst" — of disappointed hope!
The world was made for Cæsar, not for him ;
So would not bide the will of Heaven! Took arms
Against himself, as "master of himself,"
And rushed quite unprepared to meet his God!

And some there were of older name, who soared
For many long and weary centuries,

Through vagrant fancy's ample regions far,
On wings themselves had made! They vainly held
A being infinite, eternal, wise;
With goodness and intelligence replete,
Replete with virtue, wisdom and with light,
Which he through vast expanse of space diffused.
So excellent and pure his nature was,
That finite minds, conception adequate
Or true, could never have of what it was;
Or how diffused or where it centred most!
Beyond this vast expanse, or fancied place
Of everlasting light — refulgent day —
This being lived in solitude confined!
A genius, spirit of celestial light,
Long known as Demiurgus vile, was sent,
Or thence for crime expelled, (which, was not known,)
To mould chaotic matter into form
Of order, symmetry and law. Which done,
The government usurped and reigned o'er all!
Then parcelled out the worlds he moulded thus,
To genii, ministers subordinate
To him, who governed each his empire well!
'Twas he made men and gave them souls, and filled
The earth with beasts! How slanderous and how vile!
How strange that man, against the light of God,
Should close his eyes, or shut it thence, by clouds
Forced in between himself and Him, which cast
Thick shadows down upon his pathway here;
Then fancy that he walks in light, and boast
Himself of deeds performed, as if he'd done
Essential service kind to all his race!
From these, did systems of religion false,
As these were false, enlarge and ramify,
Till man, unsanctified by grace of God,

Unsatisfied with self, with all his gods,
With ever varying forms unsatisfied,
Could count by thousands, multiplied by tens,
The deities to whom he humbly bowed,
And still unsatisfied; then fondly sighed,
To swell his catalogue with more, to whom
He might pay homage still! A proof
'Tis plain, "The world by wisdom knew not God."
Nor were they taught of Him; by Satan's arts
Seductive, taught, who power and wisdom had —
Retained from what he was before he fell —
To set religion up as counterfeit
To God's most holy worship; mingling grains
Of truth with error's poisonous cup, to make
It palatable! Hence, must be destroyed,
Ere long: Both satan and his works must fall;
He, to the lowest hell, his works as low!

The only wise, the true and living God,
To man revealed in oracles divine;
In character, in purpose and in mind
Revealed — a people had; a chosen race
To whom He blessings gave, as Hermon's dews —
The fruitful field and yielding vine; the seed
And harvest time; the early rains and rich
Autumnal showers. With milk and honey oft,
He flowed their land as welcome streams; and gave
Them richer blessings still — the stream of life,
Eternal life, from Him as fountain pure,
Exhaustless, freely then to every gate
And dwelling place of Zion flowed; to make
Them glad, and fruitful bring their offerings, vows
And sacrifice of praise to God's own house!
And when they strayed from his appointed fold

He sent them pastors kind, to hold in check
Their foes, and guide them back in safest paths,
To Him! And when they wisdom lacked, he sent
Them prophets, teachers learned in school of God,
To feed their minds with knowledge pure, divine,
As watchful shepherd feeds his flock! But hear,
O, Earth! The heavenly hosts shall hear! and stand
Astonished when they hear! These nourished sons
And daughters loved, rebelled against their God!
They oft rebelled, but He, in mercy oft
Restored them to himself! Anon they more
Ungrateful grew, conspired against his word
To make it void, by vain traditions, which
Their fathers one to other gave, from sire
To son; then wrote them in a book, and laid
It by the side of God's eternal law,
And taught therefrom, as if it were the book
Of God! Then Jesus came to magnify
The law, the law to Moses given, with pomp
And awful grandeur given at Sinai's mount;
Where quailing hosts of Jacob's sons encamped,
At distance stood, and viewed the wondrous scene!
In wild sublime and majesty of storm,
The lightnings played around the mountain's top
With sportive freak! the clouds, in whirling course,
With thunders charged, were driven along the sky;
Loud roared the trump of God, as if the day
Of wrathful doom to wicked men had come;
The voice of words was heard, which paleness sent
Through all the camp — Then God came down to man!
The mountain, like some vast volcano, burned
And smoked, and quaked, beneath his burning feet:
Eternal fire, which came with Him, and shall
With Jesus come, when He to judgment comes —

Illumed its utmost height ; whilst blackness drear,
Unearthly blackness, veiled from all the tribes
Its trembling base ! Here man received His law !
This law must be obeyed — the moral law
Of God, the transcript of Jehovah's self,
The Holy Spirit's code — or government
Divine must be reproached ; Jehovah's crown
Dishonored fall, forever fall ; and shame
Eternal fill the holy courts of God !
Hope disappointed die among the sons
Of heaven, and hosts satanic swell aloud
The everlasting song of woe to man,
And song of triumph die o'er God in hell !

To teach observance to the law's demands,
By precept and example both, the right
And province clear of God's dear Son : A Son,
And yet obedience learns ! A Son, the Heir
Of all — the nature, throne, and glory great,
Of God ! The Heir of principalities
And powers, in heaven, on earth — the Lord of hell !
And yet obedience learns ! To Him the hosts
Of God, all meekly bowed, and Him obeyed,
Yet He obeys his Father's law ! Was rich,
In glory rich — here needs sublimer strains —
Ye harps celestial, swell your songs of praise !
And roll through all the wide expanse of heaven,
Your lofty numbers sweet ! Let all the earth
Responsive echo back the strains, in glad
Hosannas to the Son ! For He had wealth
More precious than the miser's hoarded store
Of cankered gold, or aught that earth could boast,
Were all her glittering piles in one amass'd,
Till towering reached, like Andes, to the skies ;

Yet sacrificed it all upon the altar pure,
Of love to man! What sacrifice is here!
Peculiar to the Son! His wealth, His life!
His all! The sacrifice of Heaven! Ye host
Angelic, wonder at the sight! Behold
The Son before his Father stand, and there
Pour out His glory all, as stream of love!
Unfailing, living, rolling tide of love;
Not pent up there, but bursting forth, through bounds
Of ancient strength, thence downward flows to earth,
To wash away the stains of sin, enrich
The poor and fertilize the souls of men!

He first obedience learned, as teacher wise,
Then others taught what He himself had learned.
For this He took our flesh, became a child,
And grew a man, that He might feel as men
And children feel, and find the avenues
To human minds and hearts, and touch the chords
Responsive in the soul! He grew in form,
With wisdom and the Spirit filled: Increased
In wisdom, and in strength of mind increased!
What growth can be, where growth's mature of mind
And wisdom too? God's wisdom all is His,
And infinite — perfection's topmost height!
His wisdom housed in form of clay, and thus
Confined, development must have, in course
Of nature's law, through fleshly organs now
Assumed; and these must grow; so Jesus grew!
The opening rose, by slow degrees, unfolds
Its blushing petals fair to perfect growth
And beauteous form — the changeful cause unseen;
So He in wisdom grew, unfolding day
By day His perfect grace, in such degrees
As man could bear, and be instructed most!

Inspired bards no songs of praise inscribe
To Him in infant days — what young pursuits,
What youthful pastimes His, or school boy feats,
Or early flashings of his genius bright,
Which indications gave of manhood's fire ;
Or mental, moral worth, they did not sing.
What scenes He saw ; what moral culture had ;
What books He read ; what travels early stored
His mind with varied lore, for wider range
Of application meet in after days :
What scientific halls He trod ; or masters rare
His yielding mind did shape for usefulness
To man ; or how His parents led him forth
To pluck fair flowers from blooming wilds, or view
With mind delighted, ample fields of gay
Instructive scenery, rich in thought of Him,
Who made them thus, and marked relations clear
Between Himself and all created things :
Or how He read from nature's volume great,
Important lessons, that philosophy
Did never teach, nor could in brightest days,
They did not sing. Their burden simple, thus —
" He grew in wisdom and in stature grew !"

Precocious traits of character He once
Exhibited. Unknown to those who loved
Him best, He tarried at the feast : The feast,
At Zion yearly kept, to celebrate
Their Father's exodus from Egypt's shores
When Pharaoh's host pursued. His parents sought
Him by the way, returned and sought him there ;
With sorrow sought their child, as parents fond
Would seek. No doubt they called Him truant boy,
And thoughtless child, to give them pain ; for who

Can tell what pain they felt? what sorrow theirs?
What dire foreboings wrung their hearts? Perhaps
They thought Him dead, or else had wandered far,
With those who came from Gentile lands to keep
The feast; or lost among the throng, perplexed,
With saddened heart, and weary, sought for them!
Three days they sought, with persevering aim,
Then found Him in the Temple's sacred courts,
Sitting with Doctors learned in holy law,
Hearing and asking questions grave, beyond
His years! But who shall fill the outline, drawn
By skilful hand? What tints, what shades appeared?
What studied grace or dignity of form,
Expression gave, to fill the picture up
To life? Or who shall say what questions asked?
What answers given to show His wisdom forth?
Above what God has said in holy word,
We are not wise. Thy aid impart, O! God!
And guide me still! I may not launch my bark,
Where waves of endless speculation roll,
Nor pilot's skill directs, nor compass points
The way; but follow strict the course laid down
In chart of truth. O, God! Thy word is truth!
Let truth our purpose aid, and demonstrate
In light its own, what else would dark remain!
Nor let some fancied muse, presumptuous, blind,
Imagined blanks of truth, attempt to fill,
Where none, but in distempered minds, exists!

The Doctors, Scribes, and all who heard him then,
Astonished were, and wondered much, to hear,
From one so young, such wisdom deep, and felt
Conviction strong, that He was more than man!
Amazed to find him there, His mother said:

"Son, why thus deal with us? Behold we sought
Thee long with sorrowing hearts!" To whom the Son:
"How is this? why seek Me thus? Wist ye not,
That I must be about my Father's work?"
How slow were they to understand what God
Designed by Him to do for fallen man!
Had they forgotten what to them at first,
By holy messenger was said? How He should save
His people from their sins? In majesty
And power upon the throne of David sit;
Redeem all Israel from their foes, and fill
The earth with peace? Or was their love
For God and cause of truth, and holy zeal
In that which wakes the harps of sainted bards,
Lost in parental love? absorbed in self?
Oh! foolish and unwise! to interpose
Their selfish claims, and turn from work of God
Their Son, beloved of them, of God beloved,
And set apart to life of holy toil!
His heart no selfish feelings knew, nor could
He sympathize with aught that's wrong in those
He loved. But all that's holy, loved of God
On earth, in heaven, responsive felt, approved,
And taught to man! But God, who brings much good
From evil cause o'erruled, and thus turns ill
To good account, would glorify Himself
In their parental feelings, strong embraced.
Jesus obedience must to all the law accord,
And yield to just authority of those,
Who claimed the right, by law divine, to mould
With plastic hand His character, to good
Report and lovely form. Example just,
We here behold of godly sort, and true
To first command with promise given; and hence

Most worthy imitation prompt, and wide
As earth is wide. The Son of God, as Son
Of man, returned to his paternal home,
Obeyed and served, as subject children should,
His parents kind, till His minority
Was pass'd, and God's parental law fulfilled!

Then came from Galilee to Jordan's stream,
The Son of God to be baptized of John!
The man of God, ordained and sent of Him
To solemnize the holy rite to man,
His fellow lost in sin — an emblem fit
Of foulest stains, washed out by Jesus' blood.
John, overwhelmed with awe, exclaimed: "I need
To be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou
To me? the greater to the less! To me!
A worm, ordained of God to minister
To man in low estate, degraded, fallen!
To me! who must decrease, as Thou shalt rise
In power, in glory, majesty and grace!
To me! who naught possess, nor aught received,
But Thou hast given! 'Twere condescension great
In Thee, that I the latchet of Thy shoe
Should loose; and comest Thou to me! I need
The grace which Thou canst give and Thou alone!
Grace, signified by instituted rite —
Thy death and life prefigured clear — which Thou
Dost ask! Thou hast no sin, the grace is Thine,
Then why dost ask the sign, where nothing ought
Or can be signified, that Thou dost need,
As man, the sinner needs?" To whom the Son,
With meek and modest words replied: "I come
To ratify this institution new.
Not as the priests of Levi's tribe; I come,

From thee the customed washing to receive;
For that thou wast not sent of God, and I,
From Judah sprung, from whom no priest did rise,
To minister at holy altar's side.
The priesthood changed, so must the law be changed;*
The order new — Melchisedek the first,
Without descent from sire to son, or days
Commenced, or end of life. Ordained of God,
Immediate done; Eternal Priest and King!
It thus becomes the King to sanction rites,
His subjects must, where government is built
On justice, and on judgment built. I ask
Obedience free, to laws by Me obeyed!
As earthly kings, I do not ask for love
Where none is given; for sacrifice and toil,
Where I nor sacrifice, nor toil bestow;
For deeds of love, but as I lead the way
And bright example give. To follow where
My footsteps lead, I ask, and ask no more.
For less I cannot ask. I mark the paths
Of righteousness and peace, for all to walk
Therein, and well observe My doctrine plain.
Hence thou wilt suffer me to be baptized
Of thee, and thus fulfil My righteous law."

With solemn measured step, now hand in hand,
Down Jordan's rugged banks the joyful pair
Obedient go! Anon they pause! whilst crowds
On towering battlements above, and crowds
On earth convened, with eager gaze, await
The scene of interest deep to earth and heaven!
The holy man proceeds: Immersed beneath
The yielding wave, now Jesus passive lies!

* Heb. vii. 12-15.

As he in death's embrace shall lie! And now
Emerges from the flood, as he shall rise
And break death's icy chains! Triumphant rise
To conquer death for man and die no more!
Now strike your golden lyres, ye sons of God
And spirits just! Now roll in numbers sweet
And loud, your lofty notes to Jesus' praise!
Nature in smiling beauty clothed, adores
The Son in silent mood; her voice is hushed,
In solemn stillness hushed; the voice of man
In breathless silence lost, attentive now
To Heaven's superior claims! The Father speaks!
And speaks in accents loud from holy courts,
Approving what the Son on earth has done!
The highest heavens their portals open wide,
To give free passage to His word sublime,
And novel exit of the Spirit dove;
Which down from heavenly mansions flies,
On brightest wing of pure celestial light,
And sits upon the Son, as omen clear,
Of Heaven's ecstatic joy! and unction gives
For future labors, sufferings great, and toil!

From scenes of liveliest joy, and holiest praise,
To scenes of direst woe, the Son of God
Must quickly pass! He came to stand, in part,
In place of man. To suffer in his stead;
To feel the power of God's arch foe — arch fiend;
The enemy of man; of righteousness;
Of holy peace; of happiness on earth
And happiness in heaven! Man's happiness,
His deepest hell; man's woe, his highest joy;
If damned malignity and joy can find
A common ground in hell: On earth is none,
Beyond what seeming happiness or joy,

Employment gives to bad intent pursued,
And satisfaction due to purpose gained.
Thus Satan toiled with diabolic aim,
Opposing God, and work of grace to man;
Determined chief to nip in early bud,
The flower of heaven transplanted now
On earth; to check the rising power of God
Commenced, in progress young; to stop the tide
Of life in swelling flood, and turn the stream
Of death in torrents back upon the world!
Is this his purpose dark? Shall it succeed?
The sequel must the great result unfold.
Resistless then the Spirit led him on,
To dreary wilds untrod by Him before,
Where lions lurked for prey, and savage beasts
With dreadful fierceness roamed! He feared not these:
Nor need He fear; for He their mouths could seal,
As when the prophet slept within the den,
Unhurt came forth at morning's dawn!
But He must meet, as God ordained, the beast
Of deadliest name; who roams not here alone,
But walks the compass of the earth around,
Watching to plunge immortal souls adown
The gulf of endless woe, whence none escape!
As some lone, blasted fir, on desert wild,
Exposd to tempests rude and lightnings dire,
The Son, shut out from intercourse with friends,
And left of God — in gracious purpose left,
To man most gracious, but to Him severe —
Must face the tempter's storm of fiery darts,
In vengeance hurled to pierce His sorrowing heart!

In solitude most comfortless and drear,
While forty days and nights, the Holy One

Submissive dwelt! Dire images of earth
In ugliest form, and images of hell
In horrid shapes, his vision haunted day
And night! No friendly voice to cheer his heart
Desponding, sad: No friendly visitant
Appeared to break the dread monotony
Of hellish scenes, and thoughts perplexed, infused
By Satan's power invisible! No friend
To his necessities did minister,
Nor aught of food provide: By miracle
Sustained, and strengthened to the conflict sore,
Through power divine! The forty days of fast
Scarce ended, when his appetite returned.
Then came the tempter on with new attack,
And mode of warfare changed, who thus addressed
In language fair and studied speech, the Son:
"Art Thou the Son of God beloved? The Heir
Of principalities and powers, and thrones?
To whom He gave assurance audible,
At Jordan's banks — few days have intervened —
Of changeless love on Thee bestowed, in sight
Of heaven's approving hosts, and crowds on earth
Assembled? Sadly changed Thy form! and sad
Thy visage, changed by nightly vigils kept
And fastings long! Is this His boasted love
For Thee? How false and cruel, thus to leave
His Son to pine and perish here, shut out
From sympathy of men! all friendship, love
And office kind prohibited! Did He
The lightnings charge to strike the dead, or send
His messenger of vengeance, who destroyed
The Assyrian camp, at once to cut Thee off,
'Twere better far, than linger thus in state
Of wretchedness unmatched! Assert Thy power

And prove Thyself a worthy Son of God!
Nor suffer deep disgrace and prostrate rights
To daunt Thy prowess! Take the kingdom Thine,
As Thou art Heir, it must be Thine ere long —
The kingdom of the universe — Thou art
The Son, the Heir; all nature will Thy voice
Obey! Command these stones the furnished bread
Become, that Thou mayest eat and live, and gird
Thyself with strength omnipotent!" To whom
The Son replied: "'Tis written in the word
Of God, that man may not exist by bread
Alone; but by a just observance, due
To His commands, adjusted well to all
His wants, must live! What seems severe
Is just and good, as discipline to fit
By sanctifying grace — not else enjoyed —
The soul, for greatest good conferred on earth,
And happiness of highest praise in heaven!"

Then Satan, foiled in first attempt of base
Design, in hellish conclave planned, removed
Him thence, by power usurped, permitted then,
And placed Him on the temple's giddiest height!
To whom again deceptive speech employed:
"I bow to Thy superior skill in things divine,
Thou Chief of hosts invisible, and Chief
Of powers on high! Thy wisdom clear, is like
The source of light! Obscurity removes
Where found, and sheds a brighter beam on truth
Already bright! Thy lips pour forth on man
Celestial grace, like dews refreshing, rich,
Distilled on Hermon's hill! Thy glorious head,
With radiant brightness crowned, the brilliant sun
Excels at highest noon, when stars, bright orbs

Of nightly beam, abashed, their splendor hide
In his effulgent rays! 'Tis true as Thou
Hast said, that man, submissive, must observe
The word of God and so must live. By that
Must regulate his erring ways, and thus
Secure his favor and protecting hand,
To guide him on, and shield him, else exposed,
Defenceless, weak, when dangers thick beset
His path. Now cast thyself from hence; so prove
Thy doctrine wise, and vindicate the truth
Of God, in righteousness revealed, and given
To man, to Thee, as guide infallible!
'Tis written and hence 'tis true, that He shall give
His angels charge to hold Thee up, lest Thou
Shouldst dash thy foot against a stone! Now trust
With faith implicit, worthy Thee, the word
Of God, and cast thyself to earth!" To whom
Again the Son, unmoved and firm, replied:
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God. 'Twere but
Temptation, thus to cast one's self without
The pale of His protecting grace! All grace
Is promised, so bestowed, where strict fulfilled
Conditions claim the promise qualified,
And guarded well. Who casts himself from hence
Must be destroyed. Who treads unbidden paths
May meet, quite unprepared, the foe. Who thrusts
Himself, uncalled of God, within the reach
Of Satan's grasp, must feel his power. Help comes
To those alone, who walk obediently
In his appointed ways; all others fail
And must, for he is just, and can not change!"

Then Satan turned, on wings of darkest plume,
Once light, by mad rebellion changed, with Him

Through trackless air, he soared to a mountain high,
And prospect large, in human vision large;
Whence countries, kingdoms, passed in bright review,
Before the Son's enchanted eye! Their wealth
And glory pass'd, in trailing flight, as when
Some meteor's blaze in following course, its way
Doth quickly speed athwart the evening sky!
Now proudly wrapp'd in thoughts infernal, dark,
With air of majesty and grace assumed,
As one who great conception had, of things
Invisible, eternal, Satan thus
Resumed: "The kingdoms of the earth are mine!
Behold the glory of my power: Seest Thou that king
In splendor crowned and majesty enthroned;
Whose willing subjects bow in waiting low
At royal feet? they yield their wealth, and sell
Their lives at his command! His courtiers cringe
And flatter, where reproof would better suit
Ingenuous minds; but kings will not receive
The truth to them applied: Who speaks the truth
At court must lose what falsehood gains — all show
Of royal favor, pension, power, and place
Among the great! Hence maxim wise, by me
As king of kings: kings must not hear the truth!
What pride of station his! What dignity
Of state! above all praise of human lip!
And he above all law but mine! He wills —
His will accords with mine, and so is right —
And his obsequious subjects fall — their heads
Dissevered, strew as falling leaves, the plain,
To strike in trait'rous hearts new terror deep!
He wills, and laboring subjects' hard earned stores
His coffers fill; by policy required,
When threatened kingdoms need defence! He wills,

And flying squadrons take the field, and hosts
Embattled meet in deadly fight, nor yield
Till thousands fall, and cries of deepest woe
From widows lone and orphans, fill the land!
This glory's mine! I proudly reign o'er all!
Seest thou that conqueror return, new flushed
With triumph great by valor won? Amid
Aspiring chieftains won, and loud acclaim?
What glory beams from his delighted eye,
While captive thousands grace, in lowly train,
By right of power enslaved, His large exploit!
And thousands greet him welcome home!
I move the wheels of his triumphal car,
And claim the glory due! Now turn and view
With candid eye, yon legislative hall:
Here reigns no monarch proud; but simple head,
Elected thus by suffrage free, and placed
By wide consent as chief, with veto rights,
And check conservative of balanced power!
Here I preside in course of wise debate
And right decision made! I touch the springs,
And on the vast machinery moves, that moves
Remotest interests of the state! What deeds
Are here performed of glorious fame! What scenes
Of honor here, to eyes not blinded quite
With false religion's films! Here honor's code
In strict observance held, right praise ensures!
Here servants, masters turn, and wisely stop
At threshold of debate, the people's voice!
And yet themselves are free, and will not hear
In ample speech before applauding crowds
A word, detracting dignity of place,
Or honored post; else challenged combat fair,
In single fight and chivalrous, ensues!

A glorious code! By me concocted well!
In hell's dark council first approved, and here
Prolific nurtured in congenial soil!
These scenes, to those of moral vision, may
Inglorious seem: But they mistake what is
True glory; name it crime, and thus mislead
Themselves and some of kindred sort. Behold
What honor oft to him accrues, who, safe
In prowess great, well matched, with single hand
Against His foe, comes victor off! His name
Emblazoned far by herald sheets, as one
Of noble bearing, firm and gallant man,
Inscribed on highest dome of pillared fame,
Shall stand, while kingdoms stand and ages roll!
Nor is this all. The path here marked leads on
To senatorial fame. Where people rule,
I rule in them, and move their choice of those
Approved by me and qualified. Seest thou
A man who holds the promise fairly up
To his constituents, of loyal deeds
And service true, yet seeks his own and not
His country's good? him I approve. Seest thou
A man who loudly boasts of liberty
To all? whose soul is fired in freedom's cause,
And sounds the tocsin far of trespass'd rights —
Rights dearly bought, when foes invade—yet holds
In bondage vile his fellow man? him I
Approve. Seest thou a man whose mind is firm,
Whose haughty soul disowns the coward's name,
Nor fears the point of burnished steel, nor yields
In braggart strife the palm, but throws in high
Disdain the gauntlet down in mad debate?
Him I approve, and raise to dazzling heights,
Beyond ambition's loftiest thought! Proof this,

All doubts aside, that I am king of kings,
Control the governments of earth, and give
The honor due, proportionate, to those
Who faithful stand and true to glory's cause!
Thou art a man: And art Thou steeled against
Ambition? — motive worthy highest aim,
Impressed on human hearts, not dead to fame,
Befitting man's desire and efforts here —
Is not thy soul with emulation stirr'd,
To imitate thy sires? Thou didst descend
From royal line and noble race of kings:
Take David as example true, and best
To our intent. In valiant fight he broke
Tried bows of steel, by strength of mighty arm;
Scaled walls of ancient towns; undaunted pushed
His way through troops of foes, and humbled low
The pride of kings and nations at his feet;
Then proudly sat himself and reigned in state
As monarch bold, whose own achievments made
Him what he was! Rise! shake Thy stupor off!
Worship me! All this glory shall be Thine!"
To whom the Son in accents stern replied:
"Satan, begone! Thou reign'st in hell alone
Among the damn'd! Fit place for such a prince
To boast his crippled power! On earth thou hast
No power, beyond permission given, for ends
Unknown to thee and merciful. 'Tis written
That man shall worship God, and Him alone
Shall serve!" O'erwhelmed then Satan stood: soon seemed
In aspect changed to fierce infernal look,
As when from heaven's high battlements at first,
Plunging and howling in despair, he fell,
And said: "O fool accursed! to attempt alone,
What myriads leagued, by force nor fraud could do;

But fled from heaven in consternation dire,
With glory tarnished and in sad defeat!
I know Thee now and might have known before,
But mad ambition nursed in hell, which burns
In bosoms restless, urged me on to meet
This sore repulse! Far worse than when by Thee
Expelled, in deep disgust, I left the shades
Of arbored heaven for burning blasts of hell!
I fear my kingdom speedily will fall
As lightning to the ground. Meanwhile I'll wreak
On Thine defenceless, vengeance fit, and glut
My hellish hate on those thou cam'st to save."
Then back on cowering wing to hell he flew!

As victor chieftain on the field, unstrung
And weary droops, till his exhausted powers
He gains — is nerved anew for active fight—
So Jesus drooped! Not nerveless now His arm —
That arm invincible, omnipotent —
But by consent, that he might feel, as man
Shall feel in after times, by conflict press'd,
Thus sympathy extend and aid, to all —
The weakest of his chosen ones! Then came
On speedy wing, from realms of light despatched,
Commissioned angels, who had watched meantime
The contest as it raged — astonished watched,
And wondered much, to see the wide spread powers,
Of heaven and hell in single fight converged!
They came to minister to Him, their Chief,
Who ministers for all in holy place
Not made with hands! The ministers of those
Who shall be heirs of His salvation, came
For once to minister to Him, the Heir of
Of all! O, vast, unmeasurable stoop!

To need their proffered grace! Beyond the reach
Of thought in widest range! There's naught on earth
And naught in heaven, its depth can sound, but love
Divine! the fathomed line of God! Whose heights
And lengths immense, unknown to all but Him!
How vast is Jesus' love! The soul renewed,
With all her powers refined, and sense acute
For such pursuits, will stretch with glowing zeal
Her anxious thoughts, but never know its heights
And depths, transcending what, in full extent,
Her own capacities enjoy! What need
She more? What more, my soul, can God impart?
The soul capacious most, shall then be filled,
And those of less degree, with Jesus' love!
The stars in magnitude may difference have,
In brilliancy have none; and thus 'twill be
With souls redeemed: In blest capaciousness,
Diversity may know, the same in kind
If not degree; but all a fulness have,
And all reflect with equal blaze the light
Of God, through all the firmament of bliss!

SATAN CONQUERED, &c.

BOOK III.

From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Mat. iii. 17.

Never man spake like this man.

John vii. 46.

And His fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto Him all sick people, that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those which had the palsy; and He healed them.

Mat. iv. 24.

BOOK III.

THOU glorious Son of God! Thou brightest orb
In all the galaxy of heaven! Shed down
Thy light on me! Illume my mind, else dark,
Inadequate to contemplation vast!
To study Thee is vast; too vast for mind
Unaided, unenlightened by Thy light!
The light of all on earth, in heaven, through which
Thy Father's face is seen ineffable!
Help me to strike to numbers true, my harp
Inglorious and of earthly sort, unlike
The harps of gold attuned by Thee, and placed
In hands celestial, which harmonious roll
Eternal numbers on; unceasing roll,
Once tuned to holy song! Not so the harps
Of earth. Not so the harps by Judah's bards
Employed: Oft they in moody silence hung,
Where chilling breezes swept them by, high on
The drooping willow's bough, till waked by Thee,
To notes of praise! Not so my harp: unlike
To all, but him who sweeps its feeble chords:
To melancholy numbers tuned quite oft,
When tuned at all, if Thou touch not the strings
By hand invisible! Inspirit Thou
My song, and teach my numbers how to flow
From fount of truth, in purest streams to all,
Who thirst for Thee, and righteousness of God!
Now God, the Father, who, at sundry times,
By various methods spoke, by angels high,
By prophets spoke to man, designs at last

To speak through Christ, the word, to all the earth!
Keep silence islands, seas, and distant lands,
He comes from high and holy place! As clouds
Of flaming light, his glowing chariot speeds —
Onward it rolls on wings of flying winds,
As thunders rolling through the vault of heaven!
Mid way in air he takes his stand, thence speaks
From bright pavilion, which an other sun
Effulgent seems, and to his Son such high
Commission gives: "O, Thou, beloved Son!
In whom my pleasure infinite, finds room
For ample exercise, and fit on Thee
Spontaneously bestowed! Thy Father's grace
Hangs mantling o'er thy form delectable,
As robe of snowy texture o'er the brow
Of Hermon's mount! Thy beauty rare, exceeds
The sons of men, as dazzling light of heaven,
The twilight shades of earth! Thy garments smell*
Of myrrh and aloes: Cassia's rich perfume
Its fragrance brings from palaces of kings,
To give Thee joy! Thy head with gladness I
Annoint, and crown Thee King of kings! And Thou
Shalt sit above Thy fellows round, enthroned
In royal state: Thy footstool, earth; Thy throne,
The heaven's wide circuit; and Thy sceptre, love!
Kings' daughters fair shall be among Thy maids
Of honor found; and at Thy side shall stand
The Queen in gold of Ophir clad; who shall
Paternal home and kindred dear forego
To follow Thee; and Thou with strong desire
Shalt cleave to her, as she to Thee, her Lord!
Thy daughter rich attired, shall come to Thee

* Psalm xlv.

Replete with inward grace and outward state
Concurring well. Her raiment, needle-work—
Inwrought with gold — a righteous robe from Thee
Received. And her companions fit shall come,
The virgins and herself, with gladness come,
And crowd Thy palace gates! Instead of sires,
Thy sons shall come from far, whom Thou shalt set
As princes in the earth! And I will make
Thy name renown'd, remembered, praised and loved,
By all the generations yet to come!
This Thy reward. Thy recompense deserved,
For sacrifice of all Thou didst with me
Possess: equality of state and bliss,
Of glory unobscured; by angels seen,
Appreciated, not by man! This keep
In view as joy before Thee set; but first,
Ere this enjoyed, the cross endure, the shame
Despise: Gird on Thy sword and ride
As mighty chieftain on, the vanquisher
Of hellish hosts! Ride prosperously, because
Of righteousness, and truth and meekness blest.
Go forth! The powers of darkness strong oppose,
With bold, infernal front, Thy march; but Thou
Shalt tread them in Thy fury down, and crush
Them in Thy anger fierce! Thy own right hand
Invincible, which felled at first their chief,
Shall teach Thee warlike deeds, and Thou shalt swell
The song of triumph loud in every land!

Thy weapons — meekness, righteousness and truth —
Mighty through Me become, and shall prevail
Against strong holds of hell! My truth obscured
By man with wisdom puff'd, and devilish arts
Seduced, by Thee disrobed of error's garb,

Shall shine resplendent as the sun! and Thou
My perfect attributes maintain entire!
Thy high prerogative shall be, to show
By teaching simple, unadorn'd and clear,
The character of Deity sublime,
Original! Philosophy,' on wings
Of fancied plume, presumptuous soared to heights
Unknown before, and traversed depths profound,
In search of what it could not find untaught
By me — a Deity entire. A God
Of attributes divine. A perfect mind,
Intelligent, and infinite and just!
Their deities imperfect, like themselves,
With passions vile, with rude and hateful lusts,
Were selfish, mean, intolerant and weak!
What could they else, but draw from minds so dark
A transcript of themselves? They thought that I
Was such as they; hence sought within themselves
A prototype from which to copy Me,
The Almighty God! The High and lofty One,
Inhabiting eternity! Me, who
Spread out the north o'er empty place, and hung
In unsubstantial air, the ponderous earth!

I spoke at first, and this terraqueous globe
From chaos rose! Again, and first born light,
Hasting with rapid flight, from darkness came,
Around the centre-orb opaque, itself
Converged — yon brilliant sun! Worlds, systems vast,
By worlds and systems multiplied, through space
I scattered wide, and gave to all their bounds
Impassable! On earth's wide circling verge
I sit: there weigh in scales, the mountains high,
And toss about as little things, the isles

Of Ocean's bed, fast anchored by my power!
Whence I, in range of vision infinite,
The nations wide behold; diminutive
As insects small; or dust of balance large!
Or drops to mighty water's depths compared!
In ample fists of strongest grasp, I hold
The winds, and check their power tempestuous, wild,
Careering with the lightning's onward speed,
As practiced horseman curbs his plunging steed!
Or let them loose at will, to bow as grass
The lofty forest pines; to swell with rage
The ocean's crested wave, or prostrate lay
The dwelling place of man! I clothe with clouds
As garments frail, unrent, earth's vapory floods
Condens'd; which thence distil soft showers to fall
On thirsty grounds — producing flowers and herbs,
Fruits, bread and seed for man; or sweeping rains
Pour out, to roll their wasting tides, with dread
Confusion round the earth! All systems, worlds,
And creatures formed, obey my laws supreme,
With two exceptions, praised in hell! dispraised
In heaven and mourned! And these obedient once,
And happy in their choice, (volition free
From all necessity of ill,) to give
Allegiance just! But they rebelled, when free
To stand, so fell; the angels first, then man
In time seduced; thus sealed in judgment right
Their state in endless woe: if Thou Thyself
Do not for man receive the stroke, on him
In justice ought to fall! The angels pass.
Man's nature well Thou hast assumed, not theirs
That punishment may be inflicted just,
And God be just, on human guilt to Thee
Imputed, as the substitute of man!

To him I send Thee forth. To him proclaim
The accepted year of grace secured, if he
Improve; or double vengeance stored, if he
Neglect!" The Almighty Father ended here.
To whom the Son most gracious speech returned:
"Thou speak'st from high ethereal throne; from earth,
Thy footstool, I; nor can again such height
Attain, of equal grace and glory rich,
Till all the work assumed by me is done.
Meanwhile, I will Thy truth make known afar,
Thy character defend, as Thou hast said.
Thyself inscrutable, Thy grace from me
Must shine, as image of Thyself, to show
Thy glory, else invisible to man:
Whose vision dimm'd by sin, may not Thy great
Effulgence see and live, till cleansed from guilt,
And thus restored to fellowship with Thee!
Thy truth, by enemies and seeming friends
Disfigured, darkened, shall through Me restored,
Its loved primeval lustre gain, and shine
With rays increased; as oft the morning sun
Obscured by clouds, bursts forth with splendor new,
Appreciated more the hidden beams
Returned! Thy chosen ones, by whom Thy truth
Was kept, their sacred trust betrayed, mistook
The institutions too, of Thee ordained,
Till I should come — prefigured sacrifice:
Which breathing love, through dark, perverted minds,
Were made to foster arrogance and pride,
Exclusiveness of privilege, and hence
They made Thee partial and unjust! Redeemed
From this, Thy character as Father, God
Of universal love and richest grace,
Shall soon appear to all who righteousness

Approve; appear in truth revealed, which once
Withheld in council dark — not gracious less —
For Thou mysterious art, in wisdom deep
And manifold; to man unsearchable!
Although Thy councils, faithfulness and truth,
Have marked in every age, as guiding lights,
The way of man on earth! O, righteous God!
The heathen world unsanctified by thee,
Thy character traduce; with slanderous tongues
Thy name and cause reproach. The worship due
To Thee, through sacrifice established, they
Corrupt with rites of devilish sort, commend
Thy holiest offerings to unholy gods,
And deify their fellow men! They fell
The forest oak which Thou didst rear for man,
To aid his comforts here, and make a god!
Then bow, the master to the servant down,
Nor know that what their hands have formed, is less
Than they! They worship creeping things, and birds,
And beasts of vilest name! How vile are they!
To look below themselves for objects base,
On which to place that veneration claimed
Alone by Thee! Wilt Thou Thy glory give
To imaged beasts? Thy praise to other gods?
Gods, that speak not, see not, nor hear the prayer
Of man debased, when humbled low, he cries
For aid, nor finds what thus he seeks in vain?
The idol gods of every land shall fall
Before Thy truth proclaimed, as Dagon, famed
At ancient Ekron, Gath and Ashdod, fell
Headless before the ark of God, when those
Uncircumcised and sacrilegious died,
Who dared the symbol of Thy presence dread,
From Levi's sons so long detain! I come

To do Thy will, Thy will before revealed.
Dearer to Me, than meat to him who eats
Or dies, Thy law engraved upon My heart!
I go as 'tis ordained — the love I bear
To man impels Me on — to show the way
Of life to myriads lost; Thy character
From foulest stains retrieve; entire Thy law
Observe and righteous government maintain!"

Then back the bright aerial chariot rolled
To highest courts above: The Son to works
Beneficient, Himself with zeal address'd.
Long held the interview divine, as did
The conclave vast, held on the eternal hills,
When first was plann'd the way of man's escape
From sin and hell! As time on speedy wing
Takes flight, when kindred spirits meet, so sped
The time when these conferr'd; in essence one,
In person two! But who of finite mind,
Shall say, or chronicle in verse what pass'd?
Or who attempt above what's known? Or gaze
Emboldened, where the angels stand abashed?
Meantime the orb of day declined, and night
With solemn pace came on: fit time for deeds
Which shun, as crime its just deserts, the test
Of light! Then Nicodemus came to hold
Discourse with Christ, the Son. A ruler he
Among the Jews, and proud of situation high,
And worldly fame. In covered darkness came
For light; the light of God on darkened points
Of theologic lore. The light he sought,
But darkness loved, and secrecy observed,
Lest he should be reproached with Christ: whose own
Of kindred tie, to whom He came, received

Him not. Esteemed Him smitten of God, reproached,
Afflicted thus, as punishment for sin!
A man accurs'd, subverting laws of God
Ordained, and instituted rites, beloved
As cherished gifts of heaven! Endeared to all
The sons, as richest legacy, from sires
Of honored name received — a sacred trust,
To be observed inviolate in form
And letter true, though spiritless and dead
To them, apostate now in heart from God!
Him Nicodemus found, and thus addressed:

"Rabbi, Thou art a teacher sent from God.
Of this Thou hast assurance given, in works
Which none but God can do, or He whom God
Assists. The unvarying flow of nature's law,
By His Almighty hand established firm,
As cause and sure effect, Thy word hath checked
And turned to channels new! The eye unscaled
By Thee, with ravished bliss, now welcomes light
And dwells on Thee as benefactor kind;
Unseen, unknown on earth before! The lame,
From infant days confined, in joyful mood
Leap forth — Thy word the cause — as bounding roes
Unscared in native wilds! The palsied arm
New vigor finds; and life renewed, awakes
From death's cold sleep, as blooming spring bursts forth
From winter's deepest gloom! What works are these!
Who can but God control established laws,
Which else immutable? Give vision bright
To eyes in darkness sealed! rebuke disease,
Defying skill and practiced art of man?
Or life infuse, where death in triumph reigned?
We know Thou art a teacher sent from God."

The Saviour, who accepts not flattering praise
From man, nor holds in admiration great,
Distinctive appellations given to those
By birth or merit raised to eminence
In man's esteem; in grace and majesty
Of truth replied: "Man must be renewed,
Ere he just praise or love attains with God.
His prostrate powers, corrupt, from Adam first
Received — a bitter root, by disobedience turned
From good to ill, and hence entailed to all
The branches grown — through Me must be redeemed,
In principle and radical reform!
He must be born again! The Spirit's work
Of operation vast, to change the heart,
And lead the current of the soul from earth
To heaven! Be not surprised at what thou hear'st.
Thou canst not see the tempest's form, which sweeps
Invisible through earth. Thou hear'st the sound
And seest effects of power — the cause concealed —
So works the Spirit on the soul, from sin,
To God and holiness transformed. Where love
To things of earthly sort existed long, there love
To God implanted, burns with vivd flame,
Holy and pure, as incense sweet, to Him
Acceptable. Where passions rude enslaved
The soul — the greater to the less enthralled —
There meekness, charity and abstinence
Enthroned, fast hold in subjugation just,
The appetites and dark propensities
Of man. The affections winged with new desire,
Soar up to element divine, nor seek
A downward flight; the heart unbarred, receives
The Lord as welcome guest from heaven; the ear
Unstopp'd, delights in melting strains of truth;

The ye eunclosed admits celestial light,
And sees through medium clear, the reign of God
On earth commenced — the promised kingdom come!
To see this kingdom, needs the birth of God;
To enter as a subject born, needs birth
Of water; sign of inward grace and death
To sin — resuscitated life on earth,
And hope of resurrection last, through Me,
The first, as surety given, and type of all
Redeemed, when I shall come to consummate
Their bliss. Satan's proud reign must cease
'Mong men: In hell o'er subjects like himself,
Fit prince; fit reign where darkness reigns, and light
Of God shut out — just recompense for deeds
Rebellious. Here again, his ancient bounds
Shall Satan know, nor roam at large, nor man
His influence feel, in free probation's state,
Turning his moral powers from God. His power
Malignant, to himself and fiends confined,
Shall move to fiercest strife and deadliest hate
Among themselves; nor find repose from rage
By rage begot, increased the more indulged —
In reflex vengeance on themselves disgorged!
And so eternal on: Agreed in naught
But curses vain, at intervals, on God
Bestowed, vociferous and deep as hell;
When consciousness of punishment returns!
And this is hell! For Satan and his hosts
Prepared, who, first disloyalty conceived,
Which dire rebellion grew, matured,
And waked the trump of war in heaven! Such doom
Awaits not these alone; but man, who hates
As devils hate, beneficent regards; who loves
As devils love, impurity and sin; whose hands

Fast gripe perverting gold, the price of souls ;
Whose heart, with envy filled and pride, rejects
Reproof and offered grace ; whose filthy soul
Is feasted most on tears of orphans crushed,
And widows wronged of sacred rights : their wail
Sweet music to his ear, but stops not there,
Goes up to God, a vengeful cry, and shuts
Against his prayer the audience door of heaven!
All such must have their choice : Companions fit
For fiends and spirits lost. Companionship
With saints and spirits just they will not have.
They serve their master here, must serve him there :
Receive reward which he receives — a part
In flaming floods and fiery storms of wrath
Vindictive — howling blasts which strong conflict
With rising groans of spirits damn'd! But such
As love the truth, believe on Me, and ways
Of righteousness and peace pursue ; who hate
Oppression, robbery and crime, nor love
Deceptive gold, nor wrest for glittering bribes,
Just judgment from the poor ; nor outward show
Of man's estate regard ; but sternly plead,
Against opposing hosts and bitter scorn,
For virtue's cause — inaliened rights of man,
Earth's greatest good, high prized ; and claims of God
Immutable to man's allegiance first,
Entire, to government divine — shall have
Reward with Me in glorious state, estate
Imperishable! Those who serve Me here,
Shall serve Me there ; my glory see and share ;
My throne shall share! As I shall conquer death
And hell and set in triumph crowned ; so these
Through grace shall reign! My triumph theirs, and theirs
Through Me, and God in all — a unity

Of love, undying love, unfading bliss!
They perish not, but have eternal life!
My Father loved the world, so loved the world,
He gave His Son! What more could give? His Son,
To whom He all things gave! So naught remained,
But God enthroned! His throne He could not give:
God-head alone reserved! Most precious gift!
Heaven's treasures poured on man, offending man,
By Him offended! Justice satisfied,
Delays to strike: On Me the blow must fall,
Till man in free volition, choose or death,
Or life. And then from long forbearance shown,
With gathered force, shall fall — O, wretched man! —
On him whose choice is death! As Moses raised
The imaged brass amid the camp, when hosts
By venomed serpent's fangs, their deadly wound
Received, that dying they might live; in faith
One look bestowed, (what less could God require,
What less could Israel give,) gave life in death,
And healed the malady entire; so must
The Son of God be lifted up, that man —
Not Israel's sons alone — in every land,
Diseased by sin, may look, be healed and live,
Through Me, on earth, in heaven, eternal live!
And I, when lifted up — effulgent light
Of heaven, on earth converged — in vision clear,
And steadfast look, will fix all eyes on Me,
By faith enlightened! Piercing light of truth!
Who loves the truth, loves light, and comes to Me:
His works induced by God and praised of Him,
Not man. Who hates the truth, hates light, and shuns
Discriminating test. His works transpire
Through self, the constant spring to acts unpraised
Of God, condemn'd, abhorr'd! Yet judgment waits,

And final doom, for those who disbelieve!
As judge to fix man's state in endless bliss
Or woe, I am not come. The sinner's friend
I come! Unearthly love, fit theme of praise
And song among supernal choirs in bliss,
My bosom swells, and moves to sacrifice
Unparalleled on earth! To die for man,
As friend for friend, may man; to die for foes
Must one, both God and man! Herein is love!
Love pure, divine! But how canst thou believe?
I speak of earth, thou understandest not;
How understand the love of God to man?
Or feel a sympathetic glow, which burns
Through all the angel hosts of heaven? I speak
What I have seen. My province to reveal,
Exemplify this love to man! To thee
I seem as man! What man ascends to God?
Or thence returns? Who but the Son, who dwells
With man, with God, and justly claims alone,
Equality with Him in attributes
Divine? A master thou in sacred school,
And knowest not these things!" In thoughtful mood
Then Nicodemus turned, nor deigned reply.

The Son of God next choose the twelve, unskilled
In eloquent debate; unknown 'mong men
Of science famed, and deep scholastic lore;
Of occupations rude, illiterate;
Disciples called in school of morals strict,
And self-denying toil; to work with Him,
And usher in a glorious era new,
Amid earth's moral gloom, like morning bright
With orient beams, from thickest night redeemed!
But these now weak, need confirmation strong,

Need faith, and wisdom taught in school of Christ.
Chosen of Him to revolutionize
The world — contend with wisdom, learning, skill,
Combined against their Lord and them! To stand
Before the kings of earth; hold forth in lands
Benighted long, the light of truth; confound
With wisdom pure, man's wisdom most profound;
And fight in heavenly armor clad, with powers,
And principalities in highest seats
Of earth enthroned! But not by strength their own.
Innate; by strength of God and furnished grace,
Efficient made, as instruments divine!

At Cana soon a marriage feast was held.
The happy pair much honored by their guest
Most honored, prominence of character
And name, on fame's recorded page, have lost.
Obscure the place they fill in sacred word,
As shadowy forms in back-ground sketched, to aid
Design, produce effect and harmony,
And bold relief. To these gay nuptials kept,
Was Jesus called and his disciples all!
Swiftly the hours in festal gladness pass'd,
Nor lacked they aught true appetite or taste
Demands: Meats, fruits, and wines of various sort.
Their furnished board of elegance did crown;
Which custom's due observance claimed, or fit
Esteemed, where fit occurrence strict required.
Amid enjoyment's highest glee, 'twas found,
The wine, despatched with unexpected haste,
By eager hands, had failed! The Lord stepp'd forth,
His form with majesty and power impress'd,
As when in after times, conflicting winds
And waves their tumult ceased at his command;

He willed — nor did He more — the element
Obeyed and changed itself to wine! Was this
To countenance the midnight revel, dance,
Or song? the festive board or wine's excess?
Did Jesus prostitute his power divine,
Beneficent, to build what He destroyed?
Did sanction then, what now He hates? Which gives
Excuse to drunkenness, debauch and crime?
And leads blind votaries to hell? Away
With slander, blasphemy like this, from earth!
Let devils prate such ribaldry, not man!
Then what design did move the Lord, to work
At this most unpropitious time, (as seems
To man of judgment weak,) a miracle
Of character so dark and doubtful cause?
Design imprinted on his works, bespeaks
For Him, in voice undoubted as his word,
A wisdom clear and infinite, in means
Adapted to the end! To gratify
Desire of gaping multitudes, for deeds
Of marvellous sort and vulgar fame, did He
This miracle perform? A nobler praise
Impulsion gave, and urged to work so vast:
To make His glory known, and so confirm
The inceptive faith of His disciples young!
Who other lessons need and soon shall have.

Next, from Capernaum to Zion came
The Lord — on works of stern reform intent —
With his disciples: Here the Temple's courts
He trod, reviewed with keen inspective glance,
The hallowed dome — not as the priests by whom,
In trust reposed, this sacred place was kept —
But Master of the house, to whom inscribed!

Event predicted long in Holy Word :*
"Behold I send My messenger before;
His warning must ye heed — prepare the way,
The Lord ye seek, in whom all worshippers
Of God delight, shall come, and suddenly,
To visit this, His consecrated house!"
But what reception fit, or offered praise,
Did Jesus meet from ministers of God,
At holy altars there? They knew Him not!
Not so when last he comes as Zion's King!
When glad hosannas loud from infant lips,
His praises swell — perfected praise of God!
With indignation stern and just rebuke,
His bosom glowed, to see these holy courts,
Where sainted men of old once worshipp'd God,
By hypocrites polluted. Then by power —
Authority supreme, and means which seemed
Not suited to the end, by power divine —
With scourge of cords, (how small the means,) expelled
All who sold oxen, sheep and doves; o'erthrew
Their tables stored; poured out the changer's gold,
And said — in tones of deepest wrath — "Take hence
These things. Make not My Father's house, a house
Of merchandize! By prophets called 'The House
Of prayer!' Ye have made it a den of thieves!"
As conquest gained, fresh courage quick inspires
In feeble bands, where spiritless before,
Nor hope, nor fear could give incitement strong —
So his disciples, new attachment gained,
And strength, and hope, from what their Master did,
From what achieved by Him for God and truth!
And well to Him applied the Psalmist's words —
"Zeal for the House of God will eat Thee up."

* Malichi iii. 1.

Thence forth to distant towns of Palestine
Did Jesus go, proclaiming truth divine ;
Saying, repent, the kingdom is at hand !
Healing the sick, the lame and palsied frame !
At times by word ; nor means, nor touch applied ;
As at Capernaum, when sorely press'd
By him of martial fame, and wide command,
To heal his servant loved, with palsy sick
At home ; who thus his cause did plead with Christ :
"I am unworthy, Lord, that Thou to me
Should'st come ! a man of war and blood ! Speak Thou
The word, it shall be done !" To whom the Lord :
"It shall be done. Thy faith requires, and hence
Necessity devolves on Me a prompt response.
Go thou thy way. From hence thy servant lives !"
Again by touch, or means employed, as when
Jairus came, beseeching long that He
Would heal his daughter sick — seemed near to death !
But while he sues for life, she dies ! Alas !
The father's hopes are crushed ! His spirits droop !
She, whom he loved, for whom he prayed, now sleeps
In death ! His friends late come, despairing ask,
"Why trouble Jesus more ? the child is dead !"
But what did Jesus do ? What say, to him
Depress'd and sorrowing o'er his daughter dead ?
Urged he to stoical indifference then ?
Or philosophic firmness 'gainst life's ills ?
Taught he that manhood's stern, redeeming powers
Should check parental grief, or steel the heart ?
How kind His words ! "Fear not : believe on Me !"
Then grasp'd, amid this scene of sadness deep —
Of broken hearts, tears, groans and sobs suppress'd —
The hand of her beloved in death, to whom,
In tones of sympathetic tenderness,

He said : " Damsel, arise ! " The scene is changed !
The maid comes forth and mingles with her friends,
In bloom of health, as morning freshly dawn'd !
Sorrow to joy is turned, and Jesus praised !
Or when He ope'd the eyes of him, born blind ;
Whose friends desired from Jesus' hand, a touch —
A healing touch. That touch, which bows in wrath
The everlasting hills, and rocks old earth
Upon its base, till ocean casts her flood
O'er side in boiling wastes ; applied in love,
Restores the blind, gives life, dissolves the charm
Of sin about the soul entwined ! That touch
Once felt — the blind man dimly saw. The veil
In part removed — men walking seemed as trees !
All shapes obscure, in glimmering light appeared,
And indistinct, as when the twilight gray
Precedes the morn ! Again applied : at once
The intercepting cloud — commingled light
And shade — dispersed ! He saw ! and clearly saw
All objects, shapes, in form distinct, and man
In form erect, as man ! And Jesus saw !
Believed, rejoicing followed and obeyed !

Miracles all divine ! In nature, power,
Effect and grace ! Worthy of Jesus' hand !
He went about doing great good to man !
On him the Spirit dove-like sat, with power
To aid in works beneficent and vast !
He to the poor the Gospel preached, and oft
Deliverance gave to captives bruised ; set wide
The doors, to prisoners bound, and gave to all,
As sinners vile, the accepted day of grace !
Who shall with mighty works like these, compare
The false, pretending miracles of Rome ?

In trashy legends of the church preserved,
And taught the credulous and blind! What truths
Established by these "lying wonders" taught?
Whose faith's confirmed, on reason built? Whose lives
Redeemed from death? What good to man performed?
What maladies are healed? What woes relieved?
What sum to human happiness subjoined?
What gained to cause of truth? What glory given
To God? What end secured? Alas! the end
That sanctifies, though vile as hell, the means
As vile! To bind in fetters strong, the will,
And conscience bind! To mould with better grace,
The minds of men to base obsequiousness,
And superstitious fear! To aggrandize
The few; the mass impoverish and enslave;
So build ecclesiastical misrule!
What character? what power? their nature what?
Let one example serve: A sainted fool
Did once call fishes from the rolling deep,
To hear the truth; they silent audience gave,
When man through stubborness, his ear refused!
Fit preacher, audience fit, and miracle
Sublime! Behold their character and power!

The Son of God compassionate, relieved
Distress, and bound up broken hearts! With hands
Of softest touch, wiped tears from widows' eyes;
Smoothed down the wrinkled brow of age, care worn,
And filled with joy the orphan's heart depress'd!
His visits opportune were made, and kind,
With marked design to all confest; nor doubts
Could intercept belief, where Jesus went!
He comes to Nain — an ancient city walled.
Forth issuing from the gates, with solemn tread,

A crowd of mourners came! With grief bowed down
A matron pass'd, whom Jesus saw o'erwhelm'd—
A widow she, bereft of all on earth
Most dear! Her son, her only son was dead!
Her hope in life, her staff in age, was gone!
Her counsellor, companion, friend! and grief
Had twined its aching cords, relentless, deep,
Around her heart! To whom soft words He spoke,
"Weep not"—approached and touched the bier whereon
The corse was laid. The carriers stand amazed!
As if by thunder-bolts of God to earth
Infixed! Who dares this solemn pageant stop,
When onward moving to the tomb? This scene
Of sacred sorrow interrupt, by words
Untimely uttered? Whence this stranger rash,
Who fears not God? who meddles thus with hours
Of sanctity and death? Jesus unknown,
The dead commands: "Young man, arise!" The voice
Of Majesty was heard! The lad arose,
As if from sleep refresh'd, and back to her,
Who mourned his death but late, was given! How kind!
How strange the deed! Whence comes this power to raise
The dead? and change deep sorrow into joy,
As 'twere by magic done? Fear came on all!
And all conviction owned that God was there!

Enchanted thousands followed where He led,
From Galilee, Decapolis, and towns
Beyond the Jordan and Jerusalem;
To whom the words of life He ministered.
His forum—nature's wild impressive scenes—
The mountain's rugged brow. His glowing lips
Poured eloquence from heaven's empyreal fount,
Fresh, pure, out-gushing from the heart of God!

Unlike the orators of classic Greece,
Or Rome, unmatched in earthly strains, and praised
By those whose souls respond to moving speech —
His, heavenly, simple and sublime ; Once felt,
Forever felt and praised ; Once held in high esteem,
Forever held ; nor antiquated, lost
In whirling vortex of the changing schools!
His poesy — soft music of the soul
New-born — eternal numbers rolls unchanged!
Not imaged fancy of creative mind,
Or wild effusions of distempered brain ;
The images of truth on God-like mind impress'd!
Heaven's glories bright, exhaustless, which man's mind
Can not conceive ; nor vision unrenewed,
Can see, nor ear can hear — God's perfect love!
Hell's dark abyss and ever rolling tide
Of burning flame ; heaven lost to man, despised,
Once offered ; groans of myriads damn'd, who would,
In spite of love and sacrifice divine,
Their choice pursue to death — God's perfect wrath!
Unlike to Him, the prince of poets called,
Who, loftiness of thought, with dignity
Of style combined, and dared attempt
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"
And soared to heights unknown to him and all!
And so to him, who tuned the scenic lyre
To notes of loveliest song, and just earned praise ;
Who held "the mirror up to nature" well,
Yet often lent to vulgar use, his powers
Of song ; as birds of highest flight drop down
To earth and feed on matter vile! And so
Unlike to him, "spoiled child of fame," who taught
The muse to soar, "and with the thunder talked ;"
Whose light, like beacon lights on mountains high,

At distance glared, but scorched and withered, where
It should have warmed! Who sung lascivious song,
And died the wretched victim of his lusts!
His harp is tuned to heavenly cadence sweet,
Which fills with melody of love, the courts
Of God on earth, in heaven! All subjects His:
Of bold poetic fire, or softer flame,
Or sweet inspiring theme! 'Tis His to paint
The orient morn and western sky with tints
Of golden light, or blend with silvery hue,
The flying cloud disparted by the orb
Of night! 'Tis His to garnish earth entire,
With changeful drapery sublime! To deck
With foliage green and summer flowers, afar
The smiling mead; with fruit the cultured field!
To clothe the landscape wide, with wildest grace;
Profusion vast of rocks, hills, dales and groves,
And flowing streams from gushing fountains cool!
'Tis His to keep alive the stars, bright lights
For man; to feed the burning fire of day,
And light from thence the midnight lamp of heaven!
All thoughts, all themes, all melody are His;
All passions, fears and hopes by him controll'd,
And He the grand original of all
Existences, and elemental life!
His fame from Palestine to Syria spread
With rapid pace: enduring more than deeds
Of man, in characters of blood deep traced,
Or on the monumental pile inscribed!
Engraved on grateful hearts and chronicled
In heaven, eternal stands and brighter grows!

Now Satan from his dark retreat— thence driven
By interval of rest from hellish strife,

And diabolic contest waged with God,
To fury lashed, as when the Lion chafed,
From Jordan's swelling tide retreats — soars up*
As prince of airy heights, through starless shades
To intermediate space and thickest night:
The seat of principalities and powers
Of darkness. Here convokes in council vast,
All spirits vile, unclean, and demons called;
Magicians wise, who Moses long withstood,
Jannes and Jambres, named in after days,
Their leaders bold. Wizards and witches known†
In holy law to Israel given, and there
Condemn'd. Familiar spirits, sought by those
Who sought not God; who divination claimed,
And power to raise the dead. Like her, of Saul
Employed; and him of Balak hired to curse
Whom God had blest. And those long afterward
At Delphos famed, who uttered oracles,
Inspired by exhalations rare, divine,
Uprising from Parnassus' lofty mount!
Myriads of these convened at his command,
And thus addressed: "Ye powers aerial, awake!
Ye disembodied ghosts of those long dead,
Coursing through darkness drear, your trackless way,
And must in 'outer darkness' dwell, condemn'd
To such eternal state, if ye do not
Ere long, exert your powers for liberty;
Attend my speech! The Son of God, who seems
Impassible — unconquered by my arm —
Hath late fresh laurels gained in Palestine!
Travelling in the greatness of His power,
Speaking in righteousness and strong to save,

* Eph. ii. 2. † Ex. xxii. 18: Lev. xix. 31.

Hath swept like overflowing flood, the land!
Thousands are cringing at His feet, and seek
From Him relief, as from the hand of God!
The dead are raised and spirits cleansed from sin!
Before His word divine, diseases flee,
As frighted guards, outnumbered, spiritless,
Before embattled hosts invincible!
His fame, like lightning from the cloud elanced,
To Syria 's flown, untired and onward speeds!
Companions of my toil and pain! Judge ye
Which best, to sit despairing here, or urge
Through intermediate air, your hopeless flight,
Or meet this crisis, dangerous as 'tis strange,
In fit accordance with your prowess shown
Before, when multitudes of heathen name,
By you were willing led, and yielding host
From Israel were seduced? Come rally then!
And speed your way to this good land; and there
Invisible possession take of man!
As single habitants or legions joined,
As best may suit our end, and thus oppose
This mighty Chieftain, Son of God, so named!
He, or our ancient powers must fall! Prince, He,
Of light, and I of darkness, each distinct
In elements of power and principles
Evolved, can not affianced live in heaven,
Or earth, or hell!" Then swift in numerous train,
As sable clouds o'er midnight hills are driven,
The untold swarms of demons dark, descend
To scour the plains of Palestine, in quest
Of bodies organized, and minds to suit
Their hellish purpose fixed — bold war wilh God!
Undaunted, Jesus met the common foe
To Him and man! Advised, their nature, power,

And mode of warfare understood — the world
Invisible, in phalanx ranged against the powers
Of light! And not as some of later date
Assert — mere metaphoric words set down —
Foul demons put for wan disease, to which
Mankind are subject all; but spirits base
Imbodied — tangibility assumed,
To meet the Son in human flesh arrayed!

When Jesus came from off the holy mount,
Where Peter, James and John his glory saw —
Transfigured form, and brilliant as the light,
True pattern given of what His saints shall be,
When glorified with Him — a father brought
His son diseased A spirit furious, dumb,
Possession long had held of this young lad,
Which dashed him oft times down, resistless then,
Foaming and gnashing with his teeth, to earth,
Where long he'd lay in frenzied, hopeless state!
First, the disciples sought. These not empower'd,
Relief nor aid could give! How weak is man,
Where needs Jehovah's arm omnipotent!
Next, to the Lord himself applied, nor sued
In vain; his faith proportioned to desire,
By prayer and correspondent acts confirmed.
As God, now Jesus speaks imperative:
"I charge thee, spirit deaf and dumb, unclean,
To leave thy habitation fond, nor seek
To enter more such tenement usurp'd!"
Reluctant then this demon vile, obeyed
The word divine, and owned superior power!
Submission forced, as all the enemies
Of God to him accord! The will untamed,
The faculties and powers apostate still,

Malignant and inimical, 'gainst Him,
For mastery will struggle on, till crush'd
By sentence just, and chained where endless night,
Despair prolific breeds — extremest hell!
So struggled this malignant spirit then,
Rent sore the lad and left him dead, as seemed
To all! But Jesus' hand, his languid frame
Raised up — to life and health, and friends restored!
Nor could their vile concentred hosts, arrayed
At single point, like legions armed with lance,
Or spear, and cased in panoply of steel,
Against the Lord make head. These routed, sued
For truce as cringing foes subdued, and Him
Adjured for clemency, as Son of God
Most High! Abatement ask'd of punishment,
Which due, He might inflict, and will, at time
Appointed, when the sentence dread by Him
Pronounced, shall seal the doom of angels lost
And men! But gave till then what asked. As well
Permission gave to enter, as besought,
A herd of swine, two thousand named, which ran
With fury down the banks of Galilee,
Where strangling, sunk beneath the whelming flood!

All power derived, is in subjection held,
Nor can it be transferr'd without consent
Of Him who gave. Such state dependence owns.
But He, in whom the attributes divine
All met, gave power to His disciples, such
As only God can give! to heal the sick,
Resuscitate the dead, and in his name,
To cast foul spirits out, saying: "Go ye*
And preach My word. Do ye as I have done!

* Math. x.

Freely ye have received, now freely give!
Behold I send you forth as sheep 'mid wolves,
Which rend with ravening jaws the purchased flock.
As serpents, be ye wise. As doves, be kind,
Affectionate, and innocent, and mild;
Thus blending virtue fair, with wisdom prized;
Wherever found, by whom acknowledged, praised,
As fit examples, imitation give;
However vile is he, who claims the one,
Or humble he, the other shows approved!
To the lost sheep of Israel go and preach —
Go, preach — the kingdom is at hand! The sick
Restore; the lepers cleanse; the dead raise up,
And spirits damn'd cast out of those possess'd!
Nor raiment, scrip, nor gold provide; but trust
In God. My service meets reward. Fear not.
The sparrow small, o'erlooked by man, by Me
Is watched with care paternal; guided on
In puny flight, as well as birds sublime,
Of heavenly plume, which sweep the mountain top
In travelled course; nor falls without my power
Or free consent, as second cause controll'd!
More valued ye than they — immortal men!
To propagate My gospel, ye are sent;
My providence your ways shall mark, and guide
In all the paths of life, your footsteps right!
Fear not. Vile man, opposing God, may kill
The body; further can not go. The soul, by faith
In Me secured — ingrafted life — he cannot reach!
Who touches this, must Me destroy; in Me
'Tis hid with God! Shall triumph hence, 'mid flames
Or racking tortures borne, the arguments
Of hell! much used where error's clothed with power!
Appliance damn'd, to force weak consciences

To acquiescence base, where argument
From truth deduced, would but the truth confirm!
Nor these your constancy of mind shall shake.
Beware of men, but fearless truth proclaim—
Of man's seductive arts beware, nor yield
Conformity to sin; nor countenance
Through fear, or praise bestowed, what I abhor!
He that receiveth you, receiveth Me,
And who receiveth Me, receiveth God!
He who despiseth you, despiseth Me;
And who despiseth Me, despiseth God!"

And thus He sent the seventy forth. These all
Returned, and gave report of gracious works
Perform'd: Rejoicing that the demons bowed
To missive power, in Jesus' name dispensed!
As one who saw the fruit of toil long borne,
Conflicts severe and unremitting war,
With powers of darkness waged and fiercely fought;
Jesus rejoiced in spirit then! Appropriate more
His joy, than victor crowned, from scenes of blood
Returned, where man o'er man, in martial pomp
And pageantry of earth, loud celebrates
His conquests gained! Whose vaunted reign is o'er
Proud lands of wealth laid waste, and cities burned!
Whose banquet mirth—the saddest hour of earth!
Whose triumph song—the wailing requiem, poured
From hearts with grief o'ercharged, for myriads slain!
He saw with prescient eye the crippled foe,
Whose diabolic hate, unchecked by Him,
Earth's family entire would plunge in hell,
Shrinking inglorious from the field of strife,
With shattered shield and fallen crest, disarmed,
Thus meditating new revenge, and said:

"I behold Satan fall as lightning falls
From heaven!" As David when deliv'rance found,
Thanksgiving then address'd to God: "I thank
Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth! in whom
All wisdom's hid, that Thou hast hid from man,
Self-styled and hence reputed prudent, wise,
What Thou to babes wilt show — Thy strength divine,
Omnipotent, to Him, who trusts in Thee,
Nor boasts His native skill in deadly strife
With sin and hell! By fleshly arm the foe
Unvanquished not, thus far subdued! Unchanged,
And free in his abode, recruited power,
His cause shall aid in new attack, urged on
By maddening shame, disgrace, and sore defeat.
His onset furious, I again must meet,
As I before have met, and vanquish, once
For all, this boasting prince of hell, untamed
And proud! Meanwhile to Thee, O, God! my thanks
Are due, as I my power and glory all
To Thee surrendered, poor became to make
Man rich; I now, till this performed, depend
On Thee, as man whose nature, I assume!"

SATAN CONQUERED, &c.

BOOK IV.

And some of them would have taken Him; but no man laid hands on Him.

JOHN vii. 44.

Why have ye not brought Him?

JOHN vii. 45.

What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

MATH. xxvi. 15.

And they that laid hold on Jesus, led Him away to Caiaphas, the High Priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled.

MATH. xxvi. 57.

And they crucified Him.

MATH. xxvii. 35.

BOOK IV.

Unsatisfied with sad repulse endured,
From Jesus' arm received — recession dread
From toils of warfare — Satan, chieftain proud,
Of hosts infernal, sullen, dark, and wise
In policy of hell—deceptive gloss, which makes
The truth as falsehood seem, and falsehood seem
As truth—who higher power to none awards,
In heaven, or hell, above himself; now sits
Enthroned before his spirit-subjects damn'd,
As one possessing majesty, with skill
And power to conquer God omnipotent!
And thus in wily speech discourse begins:
"Ye spirits bold, invincible! Of late,
Your parts, ye well have acted: worthy each
Of better state — of royalty and power
Conferr'd! Return to principalities
And thrones, your own, which ye have doubly won,
By prowess rare in Palestine! Eclipsed
Your glory late has been, by fleshly forms
Assumed; your purpose grand, of rightful war
Declared, and splendid conquest then required.
Return with added glory crowned, because
Of laurels gained — your power, invisible
Before on earth, exhibited; man subdued,
Obsequious made before the Son of God!
The outposts guard. Scour well the airy heights
Of empire vast. Oppose the squadrons bright,
Celestial, in their travelled course to earth;
Whilst I, with single hand, attack once more

This Champion proud, of heaven's pretending hosts,
Unconquered yet, invulnerable He
May boasting say. Him I will now assail,
With all the dread malignity of hell,
And He shall yield to my superior skill!"
Obedient, these dispersed their several ways,
Whilst Satan girded on his armor dark,
For single fight, and coursed his way to earth!
As prince of hell unseen, he walks abroad
Through all the land! By means mysterious, foul,
Which used, beguiled fair Eve to sad revolt,
Seeking to find in disaffected minds
A lodgement sure, of base infernal schemes
Against the Lord; and thus by artifice,
Supply the power in open warfare lacked:
Oft tried, and suited well to dark designs;
As when God's people prosperous, rose above
The neighboring kingdoms round, and thus stood high —
Their enemies subdued and bowing low,
Much tributary service gave and power,
To Israel's king! O'er Moab reign'd, and cast
His shoe o'er Edom's land; Philistia's hosts
Controll'd; with Ephraim's strength, (not yet disjoined,)
And Judah's valiant men, the nations awed!
Then Satan came — who oft to passions vile,
In man, with mark'd success appeals — to pride,
And jealousy and lust — to David, proud
Of state exalted, with suggestions which
A correspondent end secured. To him he spoke
Of wealth, of valor, fame, and strength of arms,
Which brought great revenue of praise, well earned,
When marshalled men, by him led on, far pushed
Their conquests o'er the land! And urged him on
To number Israel's sons, and sum the force

Of mighty men, who, when emergency
Required, could take the field of hostile strife!
And spoke of Nineveh, and Babylon,
And Tyre, with which his state might well compare!
As fowlers take the unsuspecting prey,
So he with covered snare, deceived the king!
The yielding monarch, fondest credence gave
To these suggestions, fawning made, and fair,
As seemed to mind excited: Numbered then,
By strict command, the people, who transgress'd
The law of God, promulged in Israel's code,*
Nor brought the ransom price, the penalty
For which the pestilence was sent of God,
Severe, nor stayed till seventy thousand fell! †

Now Satan, wrapp'd in covered light, disguise
Put on that he might gain his purpose dark,
The constituted powers of Judah seeks,
To bring complaint in law against the Son
Of God; so far and wide to sound alarm,
And holy indignation deep, excite
'Gainst innovations dangerous, introduced
And blended with the worship pure of God!
The sanhedrim, chief priests, and scribes, he roused
By lengthened speech and argument, that seemed
With glowing thought replete, and language fit
Conveyed. Of ancient rites, and sacred held,
Discoursed, and thus declaimed: "Pretended priest!
The Son of God, pretended Son and vile!
He comes from Judah's tribe, from which,
No priest ordained of God ere came, or can
By law: so loud demands a change of law
Immutable! and change of rites, long used

* Exodus xxx. 12-15. † 2 Sam. xxiv.

Inductive — priestly washng at the door
Of tabernacle, first by Aaron, then
By consecrated sons observed — instead
A washing novel in the Jordan's stream,
Has substituted, and received from one,
Not sent, nor priest ordained, nor fit such rites
Initiatory to administer!
The priesthood is in danger! Worship pure —
Miscalled and mean, for fisherman designed,
And common minds accursed, who heed not law,
Who follow flickering light, as 'twere the blaze
Of mid-day sun effulgent — stript of form
Attractive, he will institute! Ye scribes
And priests, and officers elect of God!
Your holy office then, which now respect
And veneration claims, and profit yields
Abundant, (God asks not your toil for naught,)
Shall most dishonored prove and profitless,
If ye blast not with sure, but prudent haste,
This new religion in the bud!" Then one uprose,
Who sat in Moses' seat; responsive spoke,
And due corroboration gave to what
The seeming angel said: The council charged,
And all concerned, to watch the impostor vile,
And follow where he went. His ministry
Observe, to trap him in his words or works,
Whether in public or in private done;
Among the poor in cottage low, o'erlooked
By pharisee and doctor erst — such now
Must have attention, that impression made,
On minds neglected long, of charity
And holy deeds performed, might secrecy
Ensure — from public note the end conceal!
Or where the leprosy, with venomed breath

The healthful air impregned; or at the grave,
Where decomposed, the human form sent forth
Its dread effluvia, arrowy death, dark winged,
Through all the air, must they be found, nor shrink!
Or at the sick man's couch, where pestilence
Unchecked by art of man, stalked forth to meet,
As men at arms, and bold, the timid foe!
Or where affliction sanctified the place
As holy ground, where Jesus' sympathy
Was felt and prized above all earthy bliss;
Must they obtrude: no place exemption gives!
Forthwith the council he dissolved; who, now,
Ambitious others to surpass, in works
Malignant 'gainst the Son of God conceived,
Dispersed, as troops on ambushment sent out!

At Nazareth commenced. Hither His fame
Had come! But here He did no works of power
And grace, because of unbelief and hate!
They, envious, Him attack; contemptuous ask,
"Whatever Thou hast done in other towns,
Capernaum and Galilee throughout,
Do also here! Physician, heal Thyself!"
To whom the Lord: "Hath prophet honor just;
At home? where bred, where known? Where rivalry
And jealous hate, with blinding influence, close
The eye of candor, and due praise withhold?
A curiosity unlawful, prompts
Unjust demands! Can ye the sovereign will,
Or purpose deep of God, as shallow streams,
Divert from customed flow? When famine raged
In Israel, many widows pined for bread,
Necessitous. To none relief was sent,
By good Elijah's hand, except to one

To her, who at Sarepta dwelt! 'Twas thus
Ordained! And many lepers also were
In Israel, when Elisha cleansed the chief
Of Syria's host: But Israel's lepers cleansed
He not! Nor I, what thus ye seek, will grant!"
Then one to other sneering said — such sneers
For argument are substituted oft,
Rejoinder made to gracious speech, to claim
The vulgar praise — "Is not this Joseph's son?"
So filled with wrath, they rose and would have cast
Him down from where the city stood, but He
Amid the crowd pass'd on and thus escaped!
But not by stealthy means, did He elude
Their rage — rage, impotent and vain 'gainst Him
Directed; firm intrenched in purpose strong,
To give, at will, His life a ransom, due
To God's eternal law and man's estate!

Next, Him accuse of casting demons out,
By power Beelzebub conferr'd. The prince
Of demons in collusion with the Son
Of God! As operator, subject, leagued,
To work deceptive plans and seeming true,
In mesmeretic feats, to gull weak minds!
Or worse, as if — against itself arrayed —
The selfishness of hell to virtue's side
Had turned, as servants change their masters oft!
Or stranger still to judgment sane, that sin
And holiness were blended, and could hence
Community of interest have in hell!
And Satan work for self, and work for God,
So build His kingdom up! And these were scribes,
Whose lips should knowledge keep, and teach
Untutored minds the law! To whom the Lord
n speech profound: "On earth, who ever saw

A kingdom stand against itself engaged
In warlike strife? Then how the powers of hell?
Themselves would soon exterminate; nor man
Would need God's power oft interposed, to blast
Their schemes malignant. In its stead would find
By human arm, an easy victory gained,
Nor seek from God, what now he needs, or falls!
The strong man armed his palace keeps, and goods
In peace, till he the stronger comes and binds
Him fast; so Satan keeps fast hold on man,
And subjugation claims o'er human mind,
And with demoniac power the body chains
And tortures deep inflicts, till overthrown
By power divine, as ye yourselves have seen!
A superhuman power by you confess'd,
Ascribed to hell in arms against itself!
Denying thus what evidence, the sense
May give, preverted not by sin indulged —
Your envious madness, goaded to its height
By bigotry, exclusiveness and pride!
Thus ye blaspheme the Holy Ghost, who dwells
In Me, and works by Me, deliverance kind,
To those afflicted sore! And thus provoke
The Lord. His works of love, to evil cause
Attribute, and His mercies mock, in spite
Of sense and reason's light, and light of truth,
In word prophetic seen! Can ye escape
The burning fires of hell? Me, ye have seen
And hate! Through Me, My Father see, and hate!
The brightness of His glory, I reflect,
In rays subdued, on man! Had I not come,
Your stubborn sins might palliation claim,
But now remain and aggravated plead,
For justice stern and sentence dread! For Me

Ye blind reject. By Me forgiveness flows
To penitence and prayer, as stream of life
From fountain pure. Me, ye despise, nor will
From Me receive, what else ye can not have!
Oh! foolish scribes and priests! Too late shall ye
Behold and mourn your fate! Now hear your doom:
Ye must be damn'd!" Confounded then, his foes
Retired in sullen mood, with faltering step,
As ocean swelled by high and angry winds,
Retires at calm, with gradual ebb, and leaves
The shore in peace where once its fury raged!

'Tis winter drear in Palestine. The feast*
Of dedication held to celebrate
The Temple purified, (by Syria's king
Polluted,) now is kept. The ancient porch,
As some vast rock amid the ocean's surge,
Has long survived the ravages of time,
And devastating hand of conquering kings!
In sacred word, as Solomon's porch is known—
A solemn pile and grand, looks tow'rd the east,
A monument of what the Temple was,
When God's symbolic presence dwelt as cloud
Of glory there! Here Jesus walked! The Son
Of man, nor house, nor home possess'd on earth,
Here shielded from the wintry blast, spoke words
Of life to thronging multitudes, and gave
To weary hearts rich comfort, whilst Himself
Was friendless and despised! Round Him, the Jews
Gathered in haste — scribes, pharisees and priests,
As hungry wolves around the lamb, estranged
From native fold: Some accusation false,
To find in words ungarded said, or find

* John x. 22.

Some evidence of guilt, as pretext fair,
That speedy condemnation might ensue;
For they were pierced by words of just reproof,
Oft said, as if by sharp and pointed spears!
With seeming honesty, they ask: "If Thou
Be Christ, why make us doubt? Thy miracles
Equivocal, no witness give to claims
So high — important, true or false, to us.
The guardians lawful of religious rites,
Must judge of Thy pretentions boasting made!
For we, the oracles of God expound,
And ordinance of sacrifice control.
Moses we know: He led our fathers forth
From Egypt; gave them laws, from God received
While on the burning mount: His glory saw!
But who art Thou? Whom makest Thou Thyself?
We look for Christ, a glorious personage,
In prophet's word described — 'The Mighty God;
The Prince of Peace;' of valor great, and power
To lead our armies on to valiant fight,
And drive from hence these powers usurp'd, and held
Till then, as now, by sufferance wise of God!
Art Thou that Christ? Now let Thy speech be plain,
Nor circumvention use, as oft Thou hast."

Then Jesus, filled with indignation, spoke —
His words with terror clothed, as thunder seemed,
Forth breaking from a cloud of storm, and awed
To silence deep, the while, His caviling foes! —
"Have I not said, and plainly said? But ye
Believe Me not! My works My claims confirm,
Nor need, nor can they have a stronger proof.
My sheep will hear my voice: but ye are not,
And will not hear! My sheep will follow Me

To death! I give them life—eternal life!
No one can pluck them from My hand, or pluck
Them from My Father's hand; for we are ONE!"
They audience gave till now. Enraged that He
Should claim equality with God, in praise,
Perfections, grace and love, with blasphemy
Accuse the Son of God, and eager would
The penalty of Moses' law inflict!
When Jesus bold resumed: "Why cast ye stones
In furious rage at Me, nor mark what's said?
Many good works have I performed, for which
Do ye thus visit punishment for sin?
And only due to sin? Have I blasphem'd?
Which of ye all convicteth Me of sin?
If then My words ye can not overthrow,
Nor dare dispute, why credence just withhold?
'Tis said in ancient scriptures, 'Ye are gods.'
Shall men such high appellatives receive,
In word of God, to whom the word was sent;
And ye, with fiendish malice say to Him,
The Father sanctified, 'blasphemer, Thou!'
Because I said, I am the Son of God?
Ye hypocrites! Your father's lusts ye do!
Blindly he leads you on to war with Me,
And hence to war with God! Effrontery
Unmatched! unknown, but in the depths
Of hell! where ye your native element
Shall find, and kindred spirits, who accord
With you in envy, jealousy and hate!"

Routed but not dismayed, they then withdrew,
And consultation held what could be done
In case so critical. At once agreed
Thereon, the council must deliberate.

Forthwith the sanhedrim was called; and soon
The hall of state was thronged, as when in hell,
The massive edifice by Satan built,
And sung by poet blind — heroic verse —
Was filled by peers of that infernal prince,
Devising means to crush the new-made pair
If that were best, or else by subtlety
If best, to win them o'er to side of hell!
Here scribe, and pharisee and priest conferr'd.
Now one, well skilled in intrigue, learned in school
Of priestly kind, rose up and thus harangued:
"Fathers and brethren, hear! Full well were we
Forewarned of this bold innovator's course —
What specious arts and fraud He would employ;
How He, with seeming miracles, would draw
The crowd to servile waiting at His feet,
And great renown among the vulgar sort
Would gain! With eagle-eye, Him ye have watch'd,
And evidence of large amount laid up,
To meet and test His claims, confronted here;
But naught prevailed. Where'er He goes, the world,
Grown mad, still flock to hear His speech divine;
Seeing His mighty works, they bow to Him
As God! regarding not our holy law
In force against idolatry and sin!
We thus shall well-earned reputation lose;
Our ancient rites their glory lose, and more,
Far worse, Jehovah's name shall be despised
These things allowed, will end in anarchy
And death to hopes of pregnant joy, as ye
May judge! Ye guardians of the public good,
Awake! Nor idly here debate, as 'twere
A measure small of import ye discuss,
And not of danger imminent to all!

Already are the people won, and range
Themselves on side of this imposter great!
And how shall wise decrees prevail, by you
Put forth, if public sentiment work not
With righteous cause, which now ye advocate?
Let energetic means, devised at once,
A speedy execution have, so end
This mockery of legislation now!"
Amid applauding cheers, sat down. Then rose
Another, somewhat more in age advanced,
Some untouched point to reach; and thus poured forth
Exciting speech: "My peers in law!
To me your audience give! This subject now
Demands investigation; nay, demands
Executive decision! Scenes like these,
Do not our tributary state befit!
This Jesus claims to be a King! And king
Of whom? The Jews! Pretensions such, shall soon
The Tetrarch's hate excite! Will Pilate brook
Such insult offered? or will Herod pass
In silence, base indignities preferr'd?
Will Cæsar know a rival here, and rest
On his imperial throne? I tell you nay.
His sweeping cohorts armed, will quick o'erthrow
What yet remains of toleration small,
To us vouchsafed in our religion, law —
Administered by privilege enjoyed —
And dear as life; which others can boast!
Shall this or life be sold? In looks that burn,
I read your answer! Then exert your rights
Legitimate, ere this shall reach its height
Of mad career, to crush seditious crime,
Wherever known; or soon, amid the storm
Of Cæsar's wrath, this nation sinks unmourned;

Nor aught remain but cheerless void, where once
Her ancient glory shone!" His speech here closed.
Silence ensued! The heart's deep feeling moved,
Forbade response! Then Nicodemus spoke —
The same who came by night to see the Lord: —
"Ye elders of the people hold! nor thus
Impetuous urge your onward way! What's done
In haste, is oft ill done, by accident,
If well. And oft repentance bitter comes
In after thought, which fore thought should have been,
And calm precursor to the deed. Will ye
Condemn the man unheard? or hither bring,
And thus confront Him with yourselves? And here
Give place for just extenuation made,
Or explanation due to majesty
Of law by Him contemn'd, as some believe?
Can ye by law, condemn this man unheard?
I charge you, weigh this matter well, nor act
Precipitate, where judgment given requires
Deliberation cool before it pass!"

Here ended. No responsive impulse now
Sends forth approving shout, but silence first
Prevailed. Not as before, when feelings deep,
Too deep for utterance fit by words, fast closed
All lips; such as surprise begets, or shock
Of fear, or when the coursing blood is chill'd
By deeds of horror done! But soon were all
Restored; with anger filled; then silence broke
By murmuring words, which louder grew, to him
Address'd, sarcastic said, and deeply felt
Through all the house, "Art thou of Galilee?"
Then Caiaphas, high-priest that year, (God's law

Ordaining priests for life, by man was changed,)*
Demanding audience, rose; prophetic spoke,
As one a sacred trust discharged for God—
Permitted so—for Aaron's place he filled,
To whom, because of station occupied,
There was some lingering reverence due, not due
To him as man, but to his office held
Divine! He spoke in name of Israel's God,
As by the Spirit moved—the Spirit moves
Some men to speak in praise of God, who love
Him not! As Beor's son, whom Balak hired
To curse: Restrained of God he could not curse,
But blessings asked instead! Respectful now,
All eyes to him are turned, who thus begins:
"What! know ye not expediency demands,
(Ye nothing know it seems,) that one must die,
To save our nation, which must perish else?
Jesus must die! The public safety needs
The sacrifice; and justice stern requires
The largest sum of human happiness,
By smaller ills, soon pass'd, and felt by few,
To man in aggregate should be secured!
But not this nation only, benefit
Of vast amount shall thence receive, for He
Shall bring God's children, scattered wide through earth,
Together in one fold united, bless'd,
As careful shepherd herds his wandering sheep!",
This speech, as pretext served, to close with haste
Deliberation then protracted long;
So speedy sentence pass'd, unanimous
That Jesus Christ the Son of God must die!

* Exodus xl. 15. John xi. 51.

As prudent mariner, who shortens sail,
Lets drive his bark before resistless winds;
So Jesus flees before the gathering storm,
Foreboding ill, and thickening every hour!
His time not come, Himself to offer up,
As voluntary sacrifice to God;
He goes to Ephraim city, there to dwell
In solitude, till God's appointed time
Shall call Him forth to meet once more the foe!
The yearly feast, the nation's jubilee,
Not that the fiftieth year was kept, when slaves,
Among themselves were freed, but when themselves
Egyptian bondage 'scaped, was nigh at hand.
They sought for Jesus there amidst the crowd,
And one to other, in the Temple said,
"What think ye? will He come to keep the feast?"
The sanhedrim again was called, no more
To be dissolved, till this great crisis pass!
Now Satan comes, disguised as once before;
Disguise could none deceive, but those themselves
Did first deceive and blind; for eyes not closed
By bigotry, could such bold falsity
Detect. To these as messenger of light
He seems, and thus addresses flattering speech:
"Ye men of wisdom deep, and firmness large!
Proud may ye be of your renown'd debate,
And just decision made! This land entire
With acclamation rings, and due applause
On you bestowed. Well may ye boast your fame
And ancient origin; but more, far more,
Your recent deeds of glory, which do add
A double glory to your fame, if add you can,
To that which perfect is, nor more can have!
Rome in the zenith of her pride — to whom

Ye bow as tributary power; not fit
As 'tis, the servant should as master sit—
Could not such senate boast; grave, learned in law,
And eloquence of native sort, not taught
In schools, mechanical and frigid more,
Than coruscations pale at northern pole;
But such as moves to grand and just results!
But while I speak this great impostor's yet
At large! What's done is well. What need ye more,
But judgment pass'd enforce? Him lurking ye
Shall find in secret place, as criminal
From justice fled! His followers, faithful men—
Worthy of better cause and rich reward,
Fidelity ensures to deeds of praise—
Deceived, round Him as body guard encamp,
And strictest watch maintain. But stratagem
Shall well effect what force may not attempt;
As frequent disaffection makes in ranks
A breach, where valiant hosts would be repulsed!
Among this faithful number—faithful where
Disloyalty were virtue—there is one,
Judas by name, of noble mind and bold,
Fitted this honored enterprise to head,
And such assistance give to apprehend
Our common foe, as ye may need. From first,
Although as one of His disciples known,
He was not duped, but His integrity
Held fast, and independency of mind
Evinced. In hopes of gain, He was induced
To join their band, not lured by promise large
And vain, of future good; if haply He
Might hold their treasured wealth. Him hither, I
Will send. With whom confer and measures take
To bring this matter to an end. Whilst I,

Meanwhile required by cause of truth, speed on
To distant fields of needy toil, and large!"
So spoke the fiend, arch enemy to God!
To whom with one consent they credence gave,
As 'twere the will of God revealed, in stream
Of inspiration poured from fount divine!
So work delusive charms on minds deceived,
Who will not truth receive and hate the light!

Now on the mount of Olivet, the Son
Of God in musing sadness stood, and looked
With eye of melting pity down upon
Jerusalem! The city outspread wide,
Lay at his feet like pictured map, and fair
To view as fancied place of fairy tale,
In imaged beauty drawn! Her walls and towers
And lofty battlements of threatening look,
Defying troops of foes, whom God defied
Stretching far west and south amid tall trees,
And outline dim of towering hills, were lost!
Along the brow of famed Moriah's mount,
Sacred to all the chosen seed — where once
The Patriarch, his son, as sacrifice
To God, in figure offered up, and him
Received to life again — the northern wall
Ran straight; Jehoshaphat's deep vale,
With Cedron's dark and flowing stream below!
Whilst far o'er Zion's hill — so fondly sung
By ancient bards of God in sacred strains,
To which all Christian hearts responsive beat—
Rose high the southern wall, with Hinnom's vale,
Where Judah's sons apostatized from God,
Their children sacrificed at Moloch's shrine —
Spread wide and dreary seemed — symbolic hell!

Here Jesus stood and looked, and felt, and wept!
And thus the heart's sad feeling poured, in strains
Of sorrow forth: "Alas! Jerusalem!
Jerusalem! Thou city fair, once loved
By Zion's King, and dwelling place of God!
Beautiful once for situation! styled
The joy of earth! The prophets thou hast kill'd,
And those in mercy sent to thee, to show
Thy sons the way of peace! Thy children oft,
Would I have gathered home to God, but they
Would not! Now desolation, like a cloud
Hangs threatening o'er thy head; ere long shall burst
And sweep Thy loveliness from earth! The day
Shall come — not distant far — thy enemies
Shall compass thee around, and keep thee in
On every side! Thy walls and proudest towers
Lay low; nor leave one stone in order laid,
Of all thy dwellings fair! Jerusalem!
Jerusalem! Oh! hadst thou known in this
Thy day, the way of peace! But now 'tis hid
Forever from thine eyes! Ye shall not see
Me hence till ye shall say blessed is He,
That cometh in the name of God, Most High!"

Thus He denounced God's vengeance just on those
Who would not hear his word, with broken heart
And interrupted speech — his utterance broke
By sighs and tears! Nor inconsistent this:
As man of sympathetic heart, he wept!
As God of attributes divine, he spoke!
Here too behold an exhibition kind,
Of highest love! Compassion pure, divine!
Benevolence refined, above what men
Or angels feel! Ye waiting angels, poised

On radiant wing, now hovering round the Son!
Can ye the mystery of these tears explain,
In language used in courts above? Or find
In Heaven's own copiousness of phrase and song,
Fit numbers to rehearse this scene to hosts
On high, when ye return? Here you may pause
In wonder wrapt, nor think to explore the vast
Profound of Jesus' love! Ye giddy ones
Of earth! whose days are spent in revelry
And mirth; who pass the Saviour by, nor heed
His sorrowing mien and outstretched arm to you;
O, wonder not at what He felt — though angels may —
Nor think it strange that Jesus wept! He wept
Not o'er himself, though scorned; o'er man as doom'd
To hopeless woe, for base ingratitude
And sin, He wept, nor could His tears withhold!

And such his ministers should be. Their hearts
Should feel the word themselves to others speak.
Not with vain trifling air, most awful truths
Repeat in studied forms of elegance,
To please fastidious taste, nor mourn results
When truth's despised; but weep in secret place;
Like Jeremiah, weep o'er pride, when man
Rejects and mad defies Jehovah's arm
Omnipotent, made bare, upraised to strike,
With whetted sword, the rebel down! And such
Was Paul, who warned with tears, both day and night,
The sinner, who, without repentance, faith
And prayer, must meet eternal wrath! He felt
Oppressive weight of sorrowing heart, for those
Who held relationship with him and Christ;
Who zeal and perseverance had, in works
The law required, but destitute of faith,

Could not be saved! For them he wished himself
Accursed from Christ — if that perchance could work
Redemption sought, from hell — So deep he felt
Solicitude for those exposed to woe!
Ye ministers profess'd! who never feel
As Jesus felt; whose hearts are never fill'd
With bitterness for man condemn'd, and hence
Exposed to pains of second death; but give
The lie most palpable to what ye preach,
By fond applause oft sought of man, and not
Of God: Far better ye should never tread
Again His holy courts, as once ye trod;
But there record in ever during form,
Your guilt and penitence to God confess'd!

An ancient bard, of God inspired, who lived
When Judah's sons rebuilt the Temple, sung
Of Jesus thus: "Rejoice aloud! O, thou
Daughter of Zion! Shout! O, daughter blest,
Of loved Jerusalem! Behold! thy King,
Having salvation, cometh! He is just:
No royal equipage or state is his —
Riding an ass, and meek, behold, He comes!"
Now Jesus came, as was by ancient seers
Declared. The people saw their King approach,
And caught enthusiastic glow of pride
Or patriotism, or inspiration true
Of Holy Spirit's fire — if that could be —
For God designed in spite of pharisee
And priest, and hell combined, in triumph now
His Son should enter Zion's ancient gates!
In crowds the people rush, ambitious all
To honor Him they soon despise! Him meet
With waving branches of the palm, and shout

Hosanna to the King of Israel blest,
Who comes in name of God! He came to keep
The feast — the last that He would keep! At night
Sat down with His disciples loved, to break
The bread He ne'er again would break! to drink
The cup, no more He'd drink, till new He'd drink
It in his Father's kingdom! Solemn hour
Of meditation deep and mournful thought!
Their eyes were turned upon their Lord. His voice
Soon heard, in mellow tones addressed, relieved
The sad suspense which silence had imposed:
"I now must go and leave you in the world!
I will not leave you comfortless — My peace
Shall still with you abide! The Holy Ghost,
The Comforter, shall dwell within your breasts,
To guide you into truth — all truth; but not
To give impulsion blind to doubtful acts:
Impressions strong, of lessons taught by Me,
Before, the Spirit on your hearts shall make,
And hence through truth, shall lead to truth, and what
The truth requires! And He, your comforts too,
Shall well enlarge. My promises secured
To you, at highest courts — My power shall there
Prevail — applied by Him, shall aid impart
In darkest hours! Why then should sorrow fill
Your hearts? Orphans ye shall not be! But I,
O'er you my guardian care will still exert!"
Their feelings deep, with interest new, now clothed
His speech! They seemed to hang upon His words!
Their lives suspended on His lips! And none
Of them could ask, "Lord, whither goest Thou?"
The Lord resumed: "I go to meet My death!
Well pleased to meet that death which God ordained;
But wounded in the house of friends, I fall —

By one of you betrayed! Their pent-up grief,
Like smothered force of some volcanic fire,
Struggling for vent, burst forth at length, in words
Of loudest wail, and each inquiring spoke,
"Lord, is it I?" Then Jesus answered calm:
"'Tis he to whom I give the sop." Then gave
To Judas, who, then frowning left the scene,
Which angels could not contemplate unmoved,
Plotting dark mischief 'gainst the Son of God!
Now Satan, having failed in all attempts
Before, to conquer Christ, resolved at once
To enter Judas: him through hopes of wealth
Deceive, to act as traitor and betray
The Lord! Fit habitation for such guest!
A man of blackest heart and devilish mind;
A devil called by Him who can not err —
By Him who knows the heart — can read its thougths,
As lettered book of execution fair,
Is read by man — when covered deep and dark,
The motive lies; to which the outward act,
Alone as index points, nor known before,
To observation strict or eye of man!
A thief! who loved ill-treasured wealth, and talk'd —
As hypocrites, who large professions make,
When charity 's diffusive made — of waste
When Mary poured the costly ointment sweet,
On Jesus' head; by Him approved and blest,
As proud memorial of her deep-felt love!
Vile man, he loved not God! Profess'd to love
The poor; but cared for such, as hypocrites
For cause of truth! Him, Jesus had reproved
For avaricious thought; that he despised
And sought revenge! The fiend! what would he else?
His filthy soul, now moved by hellish springs,

Nor awed by Jesus' presence — him he'd left —
Determined soon for gold to sell his Lord!

The sanhedrim, disturbed, and anxious sat,
Waiting return of officers sent out
To take the foe. These, overawed by words
Of majesty, returned, but brought Him not!
Before them now appears a man, with look
Of stern resentment on his down-cast brow,
Imprinted deep. Suspicious seemed, as one
From justice 'scaped, with dark design impell'd!
His eye with fitful glance surveyed the hall
And all the court. The sanhedrim returned
His look; with interest watched this stranger come,
Waiting some message big with import, which
Should bring relief to minds embarrass'd long,
And weary grown with watchfulness and care!
At length, when curiosity was raised
To utmost height, the stranger silence broke,
And thus inquired: "What will ye give, and I
Will sell this vile impostor to your hand?
Well known to me His haunts, where He retires
With His disciples, and pretending bows
In prayer and supplication to His God!
From me He can not 'scape; nor will suspect
Me as a traitor to His cause, who once
Such firm adherence proved Who followed where
He led, by day and night, through hunger, cold
And heat; nor aught my own, could call on earth!
My salutation, now as erst shall He
Receive: Him ye shall know, whom I shall kiss,
And hail as Master loved! To me confide
The conduct of this great affair. What think
Ye now? will give my price?" With quick despatch

Him they secured and gave the price he ask'd —
The thirty pieces — value of His Lord!
The price for which he bartered heaven, to gain
The pains of hell! Ah! better 'twould have been,
That he had ne'er been born! nor seen the light!
Nor ever lent his ear to sound! nor moved
His slanderous tongue to speak Messiah's name!

The wakeful din of active life, is hushed
To slumbering stillness now in Palestine.
Season of rest for man and beast: the last
To caverns deep, the first to wonted couch
Repair. All save the watchman in his tower —
Who nightly cries "all's well," when councils dark,
Foretoken ill — and those on mischief bent:
Determined, well or ill, that Christ shall die!
Now while the flickering taper casts dim light
Around the court, where scribes, and pharisees
And priests, in gloomy conclave sit — their deeds
As dark as pall of night now o'er them spread —
The moon soft tinges with her silvery light
The ancient olives green, whose shadowy groves
And arbors clad with creeping vines, rich dress
And grace impart to lone Gethsemane.
Here Jesus now retires. Here oft retired,
When night dews fell upon His lovely form
And howling winds swept by, to pour His soul
All out in prayer, and there sweet converse hold
With God. O, sacred spot, so oft bedewed
With Jesus' tears! now witness of His groans
And agonies! His time at hand, takes two
Of Zebedee's sons and Peter, (others watch,)
Aside, and thus exclaims: "Now is My soul
With sorrow overwhelmed — baptized with grief!"

Then bade these also watch, whilst He withdrew ;
(Fatigued they could not watch, but fell asleep!)
Three times withdrew and fell upon His face!
Meanwhile the sweat, profuse as drops of blood,
Gushed forth from every pore — so great His grief!
And thus to God, His plaint makes known, each time
The same: "My Father, O, let pass this cup,
If that may be ; if not, Thy will be done!
O save Me from this hour ; but for this cause
I came to meet this hour. Thy will be done!"
Sinner! behold with agony, the Son
Of God now prostrate lay! What agony
Is His! Behold Him now with faltering step,
Approach His death — that death He came to die!
What mystery is here! How dark the cloud
O'erhangs this scene, without the piercing light
Of God! His Father's face withdrawn, and left
To feel as man, the tempter's power! To feel
The weight of sin — concentred wrath of God!
See here the travail of His soul for man,
Who else could not be saved! The Just One now
Suffering for sin, that whosoe'er believes
On Him, may be accounted just with God!
Now hovering near, aloft in air, is seen
A shape, unearthly in its form and bright —
A sun at mid-night seems, dispelling night.
It proved an angel, timely sent, the Son
To reinstate in power and grace again!
This done; the conflict o'er with death and hell;
The Saviour now exulting speaks, as if
'Twere pass'd: "The Son of man's betrayed! Arise
From sleep! Let us go hence ; behold, they come!"

The rolling stream with channel wide, deep notch'd,
When earth in form uprose from eldest floods,

Sweeping in majesty through richest plains—
The meadows burdened with their promised store
Of winter food for strolling herds, at will
Cropping the herbage now of pastures green,
Nature's fair carpet, spread through lengthen'd vales;
The woodland hills, with verdant beauty crown'd,
Where warbling song of sweetest note is heard;
Luxuriant fields of ripening grain, with hue
Of gold, continuous waving o'er the land,
Like undulations mild of Ocean's swell—
As well the distant mountains, blending soft
Their fading tints with azure sky—proclaim
That God is good! How good to send His Son,
To suffer pangs of hell for man, hear one
Inspired: "He spared Him not! but freely gave
Him up!" As culprits given by justice up,
To meet reward of crime, so God gave up
His Son to meet for man, result of sin—
To feel stern justice' sword transfix His soul!
What holy love! The embodied love of Heaven!
The gathered rays of strong celestial fire,
Burning indelibly upon His heart
The glowing truth—Thy death must be the life
Of myriads dead! Intensity of love!
What sensibilities were His! How deep
The fountain of that love! As deep as sin!
That turbid current flowing down to hell!
I would that mine were such a heart! O Lord!
Vouchsafe Thy grace and give me such a heart!
A heart, whose sensibilities acute,
Shall ready impress take from seal divine!
A heart, whose deep affections, pure
And free, as those that flowed from Jesus' soul,
Shall pour at morn, at noon, at eve, a tide

Of prayer and sympathetic love on man!
Not there to waste its flow; but rising reach
Its source again, which thence reflective sends
To this, else barren world, the blessing sought!
Withhold all else Thou wilt! Deny not this!

Leading a band with lamps and torches bright,
Which marked their course; (the lamp of night was gone,)
Armed as against a thief with staves and swords,
Now Judas urged by Satan on, (his will,
All mental power and physical, to him
Subservient,) swift advancing, comes to meet
The Lord and His disciples. "Whom seek ye?"
Aloud demands the Son of God, with voice
Shall wake the dead, when he in glory comes!
As troops aggressive checked by sudden fire,
And routed, when with hopes of victory flush'd;
So these stood fixed, then backward fell to earth,
Repuls'd by Jesus' word! This done to show
They could succeed but by consent alone —
His time now come, to stern necessity
Divine would yield, and not to powers of earth —
Inquires again: "Whom seek ye thus?" If Me
Ye seek, let these their wonted ways depart!
So pleads exemption kind for His! as said
Jehovah by the word: "The shepherd, I*
Will smite. The sheep will scatter hence!"
Encouraged by such free permission given,
Judas approached and kiss'd the Lord. The last
Shall give! Sad seal of infidelity
Most base that heaven e'er saw, till paralleled
By those at Rome, who sat in papal chair:
Vicars of Christ on earth, pretended! Lambs

* Zech. xiii. 7.

Speaking with lion's voice! Professing love
To God, in works denied! Usurping powers
He never gave—deposed the kings of earth,
And drank the blood of saints from golden cup!
Sons of perdition! they betrayed the Lord!
The chalice of His wrath, ere long shall drink
Unmixed, when Babylon the great shall fall!
The signal given, the band approach and bind
The Saviour, as a murderer, whom, through fear
Of foul resistance, strict necessity
Makes sure! Oh! shameful deed! and shameless men!
Lost to all sense of moral worth and fame!
Ye midnight clouds, thick gather o'er the scene,
Eclipse in darkest night this darker shame,
Lest the wide concave blush at such a sight,
And mourning stars weep floods to drown the world!

Him bound, they led before the court. As sheep
Before her shearers dumb, He opened not
His mouth! Arraigned, He answered not! Nor plead
Exemption for Himself from deepest ills
That hellish machination could invent!
From hence to Pilate's judgment seat, and thence
To Herod sent, (for Pilate knew that He
From Herod's jurisdiction came.) Here mocked
And set at naught; arrayed in gorgeous robe
Of majesty; by brutal soldiery
Despised; remanded thence to Pilate's bar—
The last tribunal, cognizance should take
Of this important case! Ah! wicked man!
Dishonored Christ, to honor Herod more!
So these before at enmity had lived,
By mutual sin 'gainst Him were reconciled!
As frequent since, great men of earth have leagued,

When sacred truth was sold and Christ betrayed!
Pilate, forewarn'd by dream his wife that day
Had had concerning Christ, to him promulged,
Whilst due deliberation held awhile
The waiting crowd, by form of law, so used —
Wavered in judgment, so through fear demurred,
And questioned oft the clamorous rout, who still
Held firm, because of proof suborned, that He
Of treason stood convicted clear, and hence
Must die! But Pilate sought the more to shun
Participation in the deed — a deed
Of doubtful issue marked, to Him it seemed;
Till one as organ of the whole, their will
And sentence to communicate, stepp'd forth,
And thus remarked: "If thou let this man go,
Thou art not Cæsar' s friend. Does he not claim
To be a king? A case of treason foul,
'Gainst Cæsar, clear as noon-tide sun, when clouds
Are scattered by his rays! Cæsar's thy friend:
Wouldst thou his friendship barter for a dream?
As custom bids, release Barabbas now,
A robber, true; but pure in character,
Beside this malefactor vile, who makes
Himself the king of Jews! and moves the crowd
To deeds seditious most and secret crimes!
Let Him be crucified!" This word, quick through
The rabble host in echoing peels rang loud,
Rending the air in universal shout,
"Let Him be crucified! Release Him not!"
In token then of innocence not his,
Pilate, with water washed his hands, (not clean
Of guilt,) next scourged, then gave the Saviour up!
Full license gained, the soldiers now with haste.
Not sensible to pity, drag Him forth

To the Prætorian hall, where tauntingly
They hail Him King! His form with purple robe
Invest, as sign of royalty. His due;
(Acceded in derision, not in truth!)
With thorns his head entwine, which piercing deep
Bring crimson currents forth from hallowed brows,
Which many crowns shall wear! The mimic reed
Bestow, then bow the knee in mockery,
And heap with lavish hand, indignities
Upon His head! Ye puny worms of earth!
Ye know not whom ye thus insult! Nor know
That He, who passive bears your cruel gibes,
Now holds the thunder in his fists, could hurl
To bottomless abyss, your wicked hosts,
Who, oft unhurt have braved the battles' storm;
But stays through intercession kind, not sought,
The Father's wrath o'ercharged, else deepest hell,
Would instant be your fate, eternal sealed!

Surrounded by a motely host of scribes,
Priests, pharisees and people — common herds —
Together with the Roman cohorts armed,
Bearing his cross, with feeble step and slow,
Toward Calvary now Jesus goes! The crowd,
Incensed, they know not why, nor sympathy
Nor sorrow feel for Him oppress'd, till grown
Weary, He sinks beneath the cursed load!
Another then, late from the country come,
They press to bear it to the fatal spot!
Now thirstihg for His blood, as ravening beasts
For prey, when hunger fierce impels them on,
They hurry to its consummation soon,
Their crowning act of most malignant hate!
Here on the cross erect, between two thieves,

With arms extended, held by rugged spikes
Infixed — His body's weight suspended thus —
Bleeding and fainting, dying, Jesus hangs!
Ah! who can tell the measure of His pain?
Those dying pangs! that burning thirst! that sense,
How keen! of gracious approbation lost!
(The while His Father's countenance withdrawn,)
When loud He agonizing cries: "My God,
Why hast forsaken me?" But at His pain,
Behold they scoff! To slake His thirst, they give
Him gall and vinegar to drink! And yet
He prays, "My Father! O, forgive; they know
Not what they do!" Was ever love like this?
Not satisfied with that, which hell might own
As satisfaction vast, for vengeance loved;
They pierce His side with martial spear, whence flows
Rich blood and water forth — for sinners spill'd!
Then priests and scribes, whom Satan moved, that they
Might triumph in His name — for this is now,
His hour and powers of darkness — pass Him by,
Wagging their heads and mocking say: "If thou
Be Christ, the King of Israel? save Thyself
And us. He others saved, Himself can not!
Let Christ, the King of Israel, now descend
From thence, that we may see, and so believe."
Thus Jesus died! Amid this scene He breathed
His spirit out, an offering pure for Heaven!

Now supernatural night, as pall of death,
Covers the land, as if the funeral hour
Of earth had come! The rending rocks; the earth
Trembling; the opening graves; the shattered veil;
Nature's dread agony attest! The sun
In darkness hides his beams — by hand

Of God put out, as flickering taper quench'd!
The heavens put on their deepest weeds of woe!
The stars look forth in gloom, and o'er the cross
Cluster, as orphan children, crushed with grief,
Bending in sadness o'er their father dead!
Three hours creation mourned o'er Jesus slain!
Nor cheerful seemed! nor mourned alone. All His,
Who loved and followed Him, in sorrow mourned,
And wandered forth as chance might lead, like sheep
Scattered, without the shepherd's guiding care!
They thought that Israel would have been redeemed;
But how, or when, or what redemption was,
They could not tell! But one thing knew and felt,
Their Lord was dead! And with Him, died their hopes
Of all the promised good to Israel due —
Due, not by merit, but by gracious word —
So little knew of His design! So weak
Their faith! He died — for what? They could not tell!
But faith replies — that man may go to heaven!
Heaven! Glorious heaven! I love to muse on heaven!
At meditation's calm and holy hour,
Of evening shade, or morning's dawn, to rove
By river's bank, beneath the sloping hill,
With verdant coppice fringed, and shady oaks
Arranged with tasteful hand, by Him I love
Above all friends; with gentle cascade's hum,
(Small voice of God, for thus He speaks, as well
As in the thunder's roar,) through balmy air,
Faint breaking on my ear; with cottage roofs,
'Mid clustering trees and village spire — the rays
Of closing day, or early glittering beams
Of fresh, inspiring morn, reflecting far —
In distant view. 'Tis here I love to think
Of God and heaven, and harps of gold, soft tuned

To melody; and crowns by victors worn,
Through Jesus gained; and friends redeemed from earth,
Singing with angel voice the praise of God,
Whom I shall meet: And here I love to pray;
To offer sacrifice of praise at morn,
And eve, and breathe on earth the atmosphere
Of God! Anticipated heaven! O, this
Is happiness below! But what compared
To happiness above! where faith is lost,
And hope, in ocean vast of blissful love!

SATAN CONQUERED, &c.

BOOK V.

The first day of the week, cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

JOHN XX. 1.

That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

HEB. ii. 14.

And a cloud received Him out of their sight.

ACTS i. 9.

Sit thou on My right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool.

PS. cx. 1: ACTS ii. 34-35.

BOOK V.

Ere morning broke on eastern hills, or tinged
With blushing light, night's dusky clouds; or erst
The twilight grey had come; two female forms*
Were seen low bending o'er the sepulchre
Of Christ. It was a tomb of rock, dug out
By art of man; wherein no man was laid
Before. They came to seek their Saviour dead!
With spices came, and ointments to embalm
The body of the Lord! (The way of life,
They did not know as now 'tis known, how He
Should rise, and captive lead sin, death and hell!)
The tomb was sealed, the Roman guards, as charged,
Kept watch, and due precaution used, to hold
His body prisoned long. Far east, while dark,
The keepers saw a form approaching fast,
Bright wing'd with heavenly light, above the sun!
In majesty it moved and nearer came,
A messenger of God confest! Around
Whose head, red lightnings beamed vindictive wrath
Against those men who dared oppose the power
Exerted now to glorify the Son;
'Twas thus ordained in heaven, that He as prince
Of life, should rise, attended by His guards.
For fear of these, the keepers shook and fell
Prostrate to earth as dead! If thus they fear
The emanation of His power, how much
Shall fear the Lord himself! Earth trembling, heaved
With dread convulsive throes, as if in pangs,

* Matth. xxviii. 1.

To bring another world to birth! The stone
Was rolled away! The crucified came forth
To life, as God, in form divine arrayed,
And glorious to the eye of faith, as that
Which Peter saw, when on the holy hill,
His soul was wrapt, then awed and overwhelm'd!
Free passage gained — by whom it was not known
A work so vast was done, the stone was great,
And they had questioned how it could be done —
With haste they entered where the Lord of late
Had laid, but found Him not. Instead a man,
Clothed in white garments, flowing down to earth,
Sitting beside the vacant spot! What sense
Of mingled grief and fear — conflicting sore —
Now rends their hearts! They, weeping sought
Their Saviour there entombed, and Him would find —
By sorrow deep impell'd: But now would fly
Affrighted from the place, once sacred held!
Sacred as burial place of Him they loved.
The stationed angel posted there, to make
Report of what was done, instructed well
In upper courts, ere sent, by God's own word,
To know what these endured for Jesus' sake,
To them soft words, most soothing speech, address'd:
" Be not affrighted ye, who seek by faith
And love, the Saviour crucified! No ills
May come to those who seek Him thus. Believe
What He has said, what said before His death:
He is not here! Untenanted He's left
This prison house of death! Hath conquered death!
As once He said: 'I 'll be thy plague! O, death!
And thy destruction, grave! I will redeem
My sons from death, and ransom from the grave
My chosen ones! Nor shall repentance stay

The vengeful work, till hell subdued at last,
Shall own my conquering arm and judgment just!'*
Now come behold the place where low he laid—
As you shall lay—but now in triumph lives!
Now sings the victor's song, whose echoing strains,
In sweetest numbers roll through all the worlds
Of light; where myriad choirs repeat the song
And roll it back to earth. Thus interchanged,
The raptured notes rise high and higher still,
Till all the universe is filled with praise;
'Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb, who once
Was dead and lives again—forever lives!'
Mistake me not. These higher notes of praise
To Him, ye can not sing with fleshly tongues,
Nor yet can hear with ears of fleshly mould!
A state preparatory now is yours—
To sing His praise in grovelling strains, (a gift
Ye can not prize too high, it cost His blood;)
To love with carnal hearts renewed, but not
Redeemed from earth; to fight with weapons, He
Shall furnish to your hand, the powers of hell;
But fear ye not. The Lord hath vanquished him,
Through death, who had the power of death! He may
Annoy and grieve, but can not harm. His fiends,
Restricted in their powers, permitted still
To skirt the camp of saints, will hurl quite oft
Their poisoned shafts in hellish showers, to vex
The godly hosts; but fear ye not their rage
Infernal. Even this by him o'erruled,
Shall work for good among his saints. His cause
Promote, though seemingly it may retard;
And finally with crowns, unfading, bright,
The victor's head adorn! Why lenient He

* Hosea xii. 14.

Appears, where naught but wrath in quenchless fires,
Should burn to lowest depths of hell, the end
Shall well disclose. Till then seek not to know.
Let this suffice: As conquerors from the field,
Reserve — and thus enhance the glory gained —
To future day, their triumph show; so He
Shall bind and lead in captive chains the prince
Of hell — man's deadliest foe — when Gabriel's blast
Shall wake, and congregate the nations dead
With those alive, to celebrate the deed!
Great day of God Almighty! ushered in
By angel shouts and songs, with harps of gold,
Attuned that day anew! The herald sons
Of light shall then proclaim, with trump of God,
The battle done! The victory gained by Christ
The Lord! In following train the Son shall come,
Riding the conqueror's horse, by Him one day*
On Patmos seen; celestial armies, close
In rear, all dress'd in linen white and clean!
His eyes as flames of fire shall then appear,
Flashing with vengeance tow'rd His left — the place
Where wicked men appointed stand — but soft
With pleasure beaming tow'rd His right — for there
His chosen ones shall stand. Upon His head
His many crowns, rich gemm'd, reflecting light
Of softest ray, shall glorious shine, as orbs
Of brightest beam admired! His perfect form,
Clothed in a vesture dipp'd in blood, the sign
Of man redeemed and triumph over hell,
Shall fill the ransomed soul with ravished bliss —
Whilst on His front, emblazoned fair, shall glow
His name, THE WORD OF GOD, in characters
Most legible to all the hosts of earth!

* Rev. xix. 11-16.

No one, that day, will dare dispute that He
Is Son of God, divine; and one with Him
In all the attributes of truth! But Lord
Of all, confess'd by all, shall reign o'er all
The sons of men; for e'en the wicked then,
Shall bow the knee to Him, confess His name,
And own Him King of kings! Close at the seat
Of God, this holy pageant then shall halt,
That Satan, introduced by seraph guards,
Confined in massive chains, confused, and bowed
With covered shame, may stand before the Judge,
Once more confronted! What an hour of woe!
Each moment pregnant with ten thousand years
Of pain! The eye of God inflicting pangs,
More grievous than the piercing flames of hell!
Then writhing to and fro, like Etna's top,
When rocked with raging fires within, shall hear
His sentence pass: 'Cast him alive and bound,
Into the lake of fire, to plunge and howl
Forever in the billowy flame!' Loud then,
The voice once heard by favored saint of God,
Forth issuing from the throne, shall sound afar
O'er hills, and plains, and mirror-surfaced sea—*
'Praise our God, ye His servants! Praise Him, ye
That fear Him!' And the voice of multitudes,
Echoing through heaven as many waters roar,
'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!
For the Lord God omnipotent doth reign!'
Ere this can be, the Father's grace, through Christ,
Must flourish in the earth, and cultured, bear
Abundant fruit. And Satan's power must have
Another check. A thousand years shall lie†
In chains, debarred his wonted intercourse

* Rev. xv. 2. † Rev. xx. 1.

With earth. Then persecutions, wars, shall cease
The while, and peace with joy, shall bless the world!
Return and fill your place in this great scheme,
Nor mourn your Saviour's death. For now through death,
He lives! shall die no more! Him shortly you
Shall see! Tell His disciples crush'd, what you
Have seen and heard." Here closed. The females turned,
With weeping left the place where once they sat,*
With mournful joy! the Saviour met, and Him
Addressed, but knew Him not, until his voice,
Well known, they heard, to theirs rejoinder made:
"Mary why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
With ecstacy of joy, then Mary hailed
Him Rabbi, flew as she was wont, to clasp
His feet in close embrace, as dearest friend
Who had escaped a thousand fancied deaths,
From perilous seas and sickly climes returned:
But suddenly was checked her gushing joy,
When stern the Lord made answer, "Touch me not!
I have not yet ascended to My God:
Thy God. My Father, also thine! Withhold
The fond expression of thy love. I know
Thy heart, and well appreciate thy zeal;
Thy strict fidelity have seen and loved:
But thou hast known Me in the flesh; no more
Canst know Me thus. The form that now is mine,
Thou canst not touch, unless a miracle
Be wrought, (that yet may be if faith require.)†
It is the spirit's vehicle, refined
From matter gross, and principles corrupt,
Of earthly sort— the process pass'd in death.
All intercourse familiar, hence must cease,
Except through prayer, the spirit's channel free,

* Matth. xxvii. 61. † John xx. 27.

Through which communion must be held with God!
Tell My disciples that I live! That death
Through death, by Me is changed to endless life!
That I have triumphed over hell's vile host!
Their chief, in proud conceit invincible
And dauntless, strove to oppose My grand design;
Oft met Me in the fierce attack, with arms
Of horrid mould, devised in hell, and shaped
For certain conquest 'mong the sons of earth,
Unaided by my arm! But these I turned
Against himself, so firmly stood unharmed,
As Hermon breasts the storm that sweeps the plain!
Who then recoiled, and changed quite oft his mode
Of war, as hellish council did suggest:
At length this one expedient tried, as last
Of all infernal schemes that wisdom damn'd,
Could well conceive! The pharisees and scribes,
By sophistry which none but he can use,
And none but they receive, unless like them
Deceived, were urged to seek my life! and on,
Through pretext varying oft to suit the end,
Were led to accomplish what their hearts desired;
And thus to fill their cup of vengeful wrath!*
But He o'erleaped his own design and failed,
When confident success at last had turned
The scale to side of hell! To make all sure,
He whispered round among the Jews, to ask
Of Rome, a guard to watch the sepulchre
That night, that My disciples might not take
The body hence; but did not know, (so long
He held the key of death,) that I laid down
My life a sacrifice for man, and hence†
Could take again, at will, what I resigned!

* 1 Thess. ii. 15-16. † John x. 18

All things secured, he kept not watch himself,
But back, to hold a jubilee in hell,
With all his fiends, o'er what was gained, he took
His way. How short the triumph and how base!
An hour of fiendish joy, and revelry*
In pain, succeeded by eternal night!
Now death, through me, has lost its sting! The grave
Its victory! Death as tyrant reigned o'er man,
From Adam down to Moses, and from him
To Me, through Satan's power! Through him man sinn'd.
By sin came death — so held the key of death!
But I have wrenched it from his grasp, and him
Confined to boundaries marked! Behold I live!
And hold henceforth the keys of death and hell!
When Gabriel's trump shall sound, the dead shall rise,
To meet rewards of life on earth they pass'd!
The silent church-yards, planted round with yews,
Whose solemn tops have sighed to moaning winds,
Through ages past, shall send their myriads forth,
To meet the hosts from ocean's bed disgorged,
(That charnel-house of navies vast, through time;)
With all the treasured legions from the field
Where millions slaughtered fell, and slept beneath
The green clad mound — a foul commingled mass;
And these shall join in phalanx large,
The nations still alive, to pass review,
In airy fields of amplest space, sublime,
Before the Judge on burning clouds enthroned!
My saints shall rise in image of their God,
Forever blest, (so shall My servant teach.)†
Their natural bodies, though dishonored, vile,
And powerless, when they die, in wisdom changed,
Shall rise in power, in bliss and honor live,

* Luke xxii. 53. † I Corinth. xv. 40. 49.

And immortality put on — the dress
Of saints, well wrought to suit their state renewed —
And strike their harps to songs of victory tuned,
O'er death and hell, through Me their living Head!
Tell My disciples, also Peter, (mark
The injunction,) Peter, who through fear denied
Me once, when following where I bid him not —
So fell, and pierced his soul with sorrows through!
Him I restored when penitent, and thus,
On all impetuous service unrequired,
Or rash unskilful zeal however bright
It burn, My seal of disapproval stamp'd —
Tell him, tell my disciples all, that I
Will go before them into Galilee;
There shall they see me." Here dismiss'd at once,
This subject new, delightful to them both,
Which held them long, unconscious of the time
That passed, that Mary might communicate
With haste, the joyous message as enjoined.

'Twas on the eve of that same day that Christ*
Arose, two men of visage sad and speech
Subdued, were seen approaching near a place
Call'd Emmaus. Their whole demeanor showed
Some dread calamity to Israel come!
'Twas clear that disappointed hope had fixed
Its impress deep upon their clouded brows!
And they were Christ's disciples — doubtful now,
Of what their Lord had said before His death,
That they should see His Kingdom prosperous rise —
Discussing what the probable result,
Of all these strange occurrences should be.
And as they reasoned thus between themselves,

* Luke xxiv. 13.

The Saviour came, as one whose journey led
That way, to join their walk, (so strangers oft
Unite in travelled ways,) and thus inquired:
"What sad communications these, ye make
To one and other as ye pass along?"
Then Cleopas astonished greatly said:
"Art Thou a stranger in Jerusalem?
And uninformed that Christ, a prophet great
In deed and word, condemn'd by scribes and priests,
Was crucified? We thought, (His word inspired
Such hopes,) that Israel would have been redeem'd,
By dint of His strong arm! That Judah's sons
With Israel joined, should worship God again
In peace, delivered from their foes! Three days
Have pass'd — our fondest hopes are crushed!
Besides, some females from the sepulchre
Returned, who sought to find His body there,
Reported that they heard from angel's lips,
In vision seen around the sepulchre,
That He is still alive! And some, who heard
These things but doubted, found 'twas true indeed,
But saw Him not!" The Saviour then replied,
His speech was stern, but kind: "O fools! and slow
Of faith, to disbelieve the prophets' word!
Ought not the Christ to suffer what Himself,
In love to man, agreed before He came
To take upon Himself? that justice' claims,
Of fearful grasp, might not the prisoner hold,
Shut out from mercy's reach? 'Twere unjust else!
Nor could He e'er resume His glory, veiled
From angel's view, by human form put on,
But through that course of suffering, humbleness,
And shame o'er which ye grieve, but shall no more."
He then in condescension to their state

Untaught, from Moses on to Malachi
Explained, in speech not mystified in school
Of man, the word revealed concerning Christ!
To Him the prophets all gave witness clear:
Agreement strict between themselves, he showed,
Between their word and facts transpired, so plain
That captious infidelity could ask
No more, nor sophistry, in seeming garb
Of truth, pervert the argument deduced!
Their unbelief, as darkness at the blush
Of morn, dispersed; the truth their minds illumed,
And warmed as fire of God their hearts, to glow
Of zeal and ardent love, as they arrived
At Emmaus. Here stopp'd to pass the night,
(For they had press'd the stranger hard to be
Their guest;) and as they sat at meat, He took
As oft He did before His death, the bread,
Gave thanks, and bless'd, then gave to each a part.
At once their eyes unsealed, beheld their Lord!
Not long beheld — He vanished out of sight!
With strength renewed, as when the soul refreshed
By interview divine, or fed with bread
Of God, begins life's pilgrimage afresh;
The two disciples now return, to greet
Their loved companions at Jerusalem!
To them rehearsed what pass'd: How Jesus came,
And joined them by the way; their tardiness
Reproved; and exposition gave of what
The prophets had declared concerning him;
Became their guest; took bread, gave thanks, was known;
Then vanished out of sight! Whose word, as shock
Electric, pass'd from one to other round,
Among the faithful few, revived their hopes;
Confirmed their faith; fresh zeal and love inspired,

And gave impulsion new to holy joy!
Yet some there were, (how strange!) who doubted still!

On a lone mountain's top in Galilee,
Far from the scene of Jesus' tragic death,
Now the disciples met, await as taught,
The coming of the Lord! He bade them wait
His coming here! Here in the flesh, He loved
To tread, with them, the mountain wilds, and draw
From Nature's ample stores, instruction rich,
And easy grasped by feeble minds. Again,
Would meet them here and last injunction give!
He comes! But as He lingers in the way,
Some doubt! He nearer comes! He speaks! They bow
In adoration down — The Lord proceeds!
"All power in heaven and earth is mine! Go ye
And preach the gospel ye have learned and felt,
To every man: baptizing all who shall
Through faith receive my word: rejecting all
Who will not thus believe — they shall be damn'd!
Bid them observe My laws, and love My truth;
And lo! I will be with you all, Amen!
Begin your message at Jerusalem,
Where I was crucified! My triumph there
Must first be seen. Not as impostors do,
Do ye — commence in place remote from that
The scene is made, to propagate some tale
Incredible; at home could be disproved:
But where I bled and died and rose, there preach
Repentance in My name! My death and life
The basis of the offers which ye make
To man; of pardon, life and peace through Me!
There pray, and tarry, till ye be endued
With power from Heaven. This promise ye received

From me — I from My Father. John did well
Baptize with water: ye shall be baptized
Few days hence with the Holy Ghost! Ask not
To know the times and seasons not revealed —
Kept in the Father's power. Short time shall pass
Before the Son of man shall come, to set
His Kingdom up on earth, in form and power!
Come in the glory of His Spirit down,
To recognize His church, baptize in one
His people all — one body organized —
And He the Head. One Spirit then shall guide
The whole, till He shall come the second time!"*
Meanwhile was Michael sent to oversee†
With four associate sons of God elect,
The resurrection of the saints: To seal,
And mark from Israel's tribes, twelve thousand each;
(The tribe of Dan except: For cause unknown
On earth, they wait for His salvation now!)‡
The glorious retinue of Christ, to wing
With Him through azure fields, their way to Heaven!
First fruits of God through Him, as pledge of what
The harvest all shall be: presented now
By Him as priest of God, in holy place,
As Aaron's sons, the sheaf before the Lord!
Now Michael comes to Moses' grave — the spot
Concealed from man — to wake this man of God —
He was a type of Christ, a faithful man —
And bid him join the waiting host, who rose
When Christ arose and walked with solemn pace,§
Around Jerusalem! Amazed, he saw
A shape of huge dimension, wing'd with plumes
Of darkest shade, and spear of hellish mould,

* Matth. xviii. 16. 20: Acts i. 4-7. ‡ Genesis xlix. 18.
† Rev. vii. 1-8: Rev. xiv. 1-4. § Matth. xxvii. 52-53.

In hand, awaiting his approach, stood firm!
Dark desperation lowered upon his brow,
And from his eye defiance flashed, as when
The lion hunted stands at bay! His voice,
Unearthly hissing seemed; resembling most,
If aught on earth it did resemble, sounds
From mad Vesuvius' belching mouth, as thus
He spoke: "Avaunt thou soft plumed son of light!
Thou weak, effeminate angel! nursed in heaven,
'Mid green celestial bowers, and genial fruits
Ambrosial! Stand, and thou shalt feel my steel,
Proved in the battle's strife, thou hast not seen!
Think'st thou to meet me, when thy Master fell
Powerless before this weighty spear well poised?
What wouldst thou here? Wouldst take from me the key
Of death? or wouldst invade my province, held
Four thousand years with undisputed right?
Thy Master, true, escaped — 't would not been thus
Had I kept watch instead of man. Here miss'd,
For once, my mark; but I shall catch ere long,
In wily snare, this soaring bird. Meantime,
No more shall 'scape. This body dead, I saw
Deposited of God, as I was perched
Unseen on Pisgah's top, in charnel house
Unknown to thee. The door I closed with haste,
Then turned with unrelenting hand the key
Of everlasting night on this famed saint
Of God! From God came life — by me came death!
Thus I obtain just vengeance, sought by me
In heaven, on earth, in pleasure, pain, in weal,
In woe, in hell, unceasing sought; since he,
Unjust and partial, laid on me the curse
Of endless pain — because of rights maintained
By those, who would not cringe to power usurp'd!

My heart increasing burns with direful hate
Tow'rd God, whilst sore remembrance haunts
My soul, in ghastly form, with what I was,
And what am now, and what He is, and what
Would be if justice reign'd! My spirit free,
Was cast in largest mould celestial, formed
For glory, conquest, power supreme on earth,
In heaven! Befitting more that I should reign,
Than He who thunders forth unjust decrees,
Bearing unequally on those He rules;
And yet I'm doomed to service vile and damn'd!
Can this be borne? Witness ye heavens! Ye powers
Of earth! Ye spirits lost who congregate
In airy plains! Ye powers of hell! That here,
I wage eternal war with God!" To whom
Michael made answer mild: "The Lord rebuke*
Thee Satan, boastful in thy speech, and proud!
I bring no railing accusation bold
'Gainst thee; though I in justice might. Nor dare
I rail, as thou has railed. I fear not thee,
Nor thy great spear in battle tried. The Lord
Of hosts I fear, whose representative
I stand: and therefore use soft language, such
As suits my station high, before His throne!
Thou canst not harm me daring fiend: My life
Secure in power divine, is hid from thee!
Thou canst not wield 'gainst me thy polished spear;
But paralyzed must stand, as criminal
Thou art, and hear the will of God. My speech
Not harsh, but true, shall well portray thy state;
Hid from thyself, by strong delusions thou
Has cherished long, and fed by luring hopes,
Concocted by infernal fancy's aid!

* Jude 9. "He disputed about the body of Moses."

Thou hast no power but what the Lord permits
Thee in His providence to exercise,
Against His people thou may'st think ; but not
Against them, rather for their good ; that they,
When tempted, proved, may be as gold
Refined and unalloyed, from sins expurged !
Thou may'st forbid, but canst not stop the dead
From coming forth at God's command. How vain
The thought — hadst thou kept watch instead of man,
The Lord could not have risen ! His rising sinks
Thee down to endless night ! His life thy death
Shall prove ! His power has forced from thee the key
Of death ! Dost think thou hold'st it still ? Make search
Deluded fiend ! Amid thy various stores
Of hellish husbandry and implements
Of second death, where found ? Thick night from thee
Has brooded long o'er man. No cheering beam
Could pierce the gloom, till Jesus rose ! From Him
Diverges now in brightest ray the light
Of life, to utmost ends of earth : From thence
Returns to blend with kindred light in heaven !
Dost thou see this light ? Thou canst not see it —
Nor yet would man, hadst thou held sway. But know
From hence he may resist thy boasted power,
By offered grace accepted ; nor shall walk
In darkness, if he choose the light of God !
I charge thee now, in name of Him Most High,
Who rules in hell and metes out punishment
To crime proportionate, that thou attempt
No interference here, or thou shalt feel
The heaviest blow his vengeance can inflict !
Go hide thee in the night of hell, nor show
Thy darkened visage, grim as hell itself,
Again among the sons of God, till He

Shall call thee forth to meet thy final state!"
Then Satan turned, his spear let fall, nor made
Reply, but seemed like raging waves convulsed,
When howling storms sweep o'er the midnight sea!
His broad, dark wings he plied; repeated oft
The attempt abortive, moving the elastic air
With flapping beat and heavy sound, like that
Of some tall bark becalm'd, when first she meets
The breeze with sails untrimm'd! Then slowly rose,
And tow'rd the abyss of hell he laboring fled
Beyond the verge of earth — a conquered foe!

Then Michael quickly sped, what time detained
He soon redeemed, and marshall'd on the plains
The new raised host of God's elect, to pass
With Jesus up to glorious state — a troop
Invisible to mortal eye! In what
Arrangement placed it was not known to man;
Perhaps, (as fruitful fancy now suggests,)
'Twere safe to say, they ranged in order thus:*
First grand division, on east were those
From Judah, Issachar and Zebulon;
The second, on the south, from Reuben, Gad
And Simeon. On the west, the third were those
From Levi, Benjamin, Manasseh raised;
(Manasseh stood in place of Ephraim left)
And on the north, the fourth stood those redeemed,
From Joseph, Asher, Naphthali; (for Dan
Remained unsealed,) with Jesus in the midst!
A glorious host, with banners flouting high,
In triumph floating, waiting now the word
From Christ their King! His chariots bright —
Their number twenty thousand named, by one†

* I Numbers, ii. ch. † Ps. lxviii. 17. 18.

Inspired — in waiting stood, conveyance fit
For retinue divine! And hovering near,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angels filled
The mid-way air! From Bethany began,
With awful majesty, his upward flight —
Himself alone was visible to man —
Leading those captive now, whom captive death
Had held; in long and gloomy triumph held!
Parted at once from His disciples, while
With hands upraised, in accents sweet — not used
On earth — He poured His farewell blessing down!
Then rang the trump of God with solemn peal,*
And tone of gladness, new and loud, not heard
At Sinai's mount, nor at the jubilee
By Israel held, whilst angels' shouts convulsed
The teeming air! His rapt disciples gazed
Intensely up — their senses all absorbed
In sight! The Saviour onward urged His way!
Then came the intervening cloud, and He
Was lost to earth! But onward still He soars,
With His accompanying host from orb to orb,
Where posted angels cheer them as they pass,
Till they arrive at Heaven's high outer wall,
Of jasper studded thick with precious stones,
Bright as the brilliant sun's meridian light!
Here pause. The escorting angels slow advance
In front, and thus make proclamation loud:
"Lift up your heads, ye gates! and be lift up
Ye everlasting doors! and let the King
Of glory in!" The angel who kept guard
Within, the same who watched with flaming sword,
The tree of life in Paradise, when first
The interdiction pass'd; inquiring speaks:

* Ps. xlvii. 5.

"Who is this King of glory?" Those without
Again reply: "The Lord of hosts! The Lord
Mighty in battle, He is King of kings
And King of glory!" Open wide, then flew
The everlasting doors! On high the gates
Were thrown! Then onward Jesus moved,
With gracious step, His train all following close,
Approached His Father's throne, and thus began
His speech sublime, whilst angel hosts
With wings at rest closed down, in silence stood:
"O! Righteous Father! God! The hour has come!
Now glorify thy Son! I have declared
Thy name to man, and honored Thee on earth!
The work assigned to Me have done — and now
I come to Thee to claim the glory due —
The glory I enjoyed with Thee, ere man
A being had, or time its course began!"
On whom the Father's smile complacent fell,
Bright as the lightning's flash, without its glare,
Reflected far o'er all the heavenly choirs,
In waiting bowed, as He made answer thus:
"O! Son beloved! Thou image of Myself!
From whom did emanate, in yonder world,
All the divine perfections, as the light
From its concentred source! Well hast Thou earned
The glory claimed. To this hast thou aspired,
And kept My promise large, in view; when wrapt
In conflict dread, which none but Thou could bear!
Thou didst humility put on, in sight
Of wondering crowds — below their nature pass —
Here lost Thy reputation, sacred held
Before, among the sons of heaven! Above
Their rank, pre-eminent, thou once didst stand,
And sway Thy sceptre o'er their myriad hosts!

To Thee they bowed, and Thee adored divine!
This Thou didst sacrifice! To man's low state
Stoop down, to meet on equal ground His foe!
Him Thou hast conquered! Welcome Thy return!
Thou, in Thy former glory, shalt be crown'd;
The travail of Thy soul, shalt see, and reign
O'er all the earth! Sit Thou at My right hand!"
The Son sat down upon His Father's Throne,
And from Him shone the God head as before!
Then rang the holy choirs, through all their ranks
Symphonious, "Worthy is the Lamb, who once
Was slain, now victor over death is crown'd;
To have again all power and praise in heaven!
Amen! Hallelujah! Amen! Amen!"

Long His disciples looked with ardent gaze
And deep abstraction tow'rd the fancied place,
Where the bright cloud received their Lord, and wrapt
Around His lovely form, its ample folds
Of fleecy light! Two angels from the rest
Detached, to turn their minds from this event
To one not yet transpired, by words of hope
Thus broke their wakeful dream: "Ye men
Of Galilee! Why stand ye gazing up
To heaven? Why doth despondency weigh down
Your hearts? as if the Saviour would not come
Again to earth! He shall descend, as ye
Have seen Him rise, in power and glory rise,
From earth to heaven! Him the heavens must retain,
Until the time appointed come; His work
Of meditation done! The Father's grace,
Through Him as channel fit, must first be poured,
In richest streams on earth; and myriads bow
To His redeeming power! The day and hour,

Not known to man ; nor to the angels known !
Nor can the Son reveal, what God ordains
Must secret stand, until preceding signs,
As bright precursors, indication give
Of His approach ! Watch, therefore ! Watch ! That day
Shall come ! Come as a snare to all who dwell*
Upon the earth ! No future prophets bold,
By long array of mathematic proofs,
Shall fix the time as demonstration clear !
Nor can they fix what God has never shown,
But by eventful signs, described, and plain !
Sudden the lightning streams from east to west,
Nor sends a herald forth to give alarm :
So shall His coming be to rebel foes —
The signs acknowledged, hailed by faithful friends !
As in the days of Noah, men were blind
To signs, and deaf to warnings given, and turned
Away to feastings, merriment and crime ;
Marrying and giving in marriage — thoughtless souls —
As if their fleeting joys could never end ;
Nor heeded what the preacher said, till they
Were overwhelm'd with woe ; so shall it be
When Christ shall come ! Perhaps that morn may be
The fairest earth e'er saw — a festive day
Among the proud, to solemnize exploits
Of man — some large achievements made in arts,
Unfolding rich resources, hid till now,
To swell the flood of happiness on earth !
False pleasure beams in every eye, and shouts
Of mirth and gladness fill the air ! Here loud
The roar of cannonry is heard, and here
The dance, and here the song ! And here the glass
With sparkling death is filled ! In yonder hall,

* Luke xxi. 35.

(The time as fit, for this occasion fixed,)
The marriage vow proceeds. The man of God
Stands up to speak the joyful words. The guests
In silent expectation stand ; (how gay !
In richest dress attired, with care that day
At toilet given !) The ready banquet waits,
And glad festivities at closing scene —
At once the trump of God shall sound, with blast
Of fearful note, and deafening shouts come down
To earth ! The heavens shall part ! The Saviour come !
His chariot large — thick clouds of brightest flame !
His steeds — the coursing winds tempestous driven !
His train — the embodied hosts of heaven ! His voice—
The awful thunder's roar ! His eye's bright beam —
The lightnings flash, o'erpowering mortal sight !
The dead shall rise ! The judgment set ! The good
Ascend to meet the Lord in air ! The heavens
Together roll with dreadful shock ! The earth
In penal fires be wrapt ! The wicked fall
From mercy's reach — their day of sorrow come !
Satan with all his hosts sink down to hell —
Remediless their state — for ever damn'd !
And Jesus reign on earth as now in heaven ! "

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